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## AMERICA

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## CHRONICLE

**Home News.**—On June 27 the Mexican *de facto* Government sent this second reply to the Latin-American Republics that had made offers of mediation in the United States-Mexico crisis:

*The United States and Mexico*

It looks as if the American Government, without justifiable and political reasons for declaring war upon Mexico, wishes to make it inevitable by using incidents that are bringing us close to war.

Mexico should win or succumb with dignity, but before she does she is willing to demonstrate to the other countries of the American continent that the policy followed by the United States is that of attempting to seek a pretext for intervention.

This communication is in line with the "First Chief's" attitude since the Carrizal incident. His endeavor has been to place the responsibility for the present strained situation on the United States. He has notified the Southern republics that the "conduct of the American Government does not harmonize with its protestations of friendship for Latin-American republics, and that its unjustifiable proceedings with Mexico affect other sister-republics and tend to break the bonds which by a community of ideals, origin and interests should and do unite them in a close solidarity now and hereafter." In the interchange of notes between Mexico and the other republics, Carranza assures them that

The Mexican Government and people are lovers of peace, and convinced that peace is the only way of attaining liberty and true greatness, they will not spare their efforts to preserve peace except when preserving it involves derogation from dignity and sovereignty.

The tension of the situation was relieved when in reply to the demand of President Wilson, the American prisoners taken in the fight at Carrizal were released by Car-

ranza's orders. André Garcia, Mexican Consul at El Paso, informed General Bell commanding the American forces in that city of the decision of his government:

My Government, to show its good faith and to convince the American Government that it wants to be fair, has decided to send the prisoners to the border that they may be turned over to General Bell. Our Government does not believe that the American Government, when it investigates fully, will approve the action of the American forces which engaged the Carranza troops in action at Carrizal last Friday. For that reason, we see no good reason for holding those men of the American command made prisoners by us. We will return the prisoners with their arms, horses and equipment to the American border.

On June 29, the twenty-three United States cavalrymen, with General Gonzales at their head, reached the center of the international bridge. General Bell advanced from the American side, and when the two generals arrived at the imaginary dividing line, General Gonzales said: "General Bell, as representative of the Government of Mexico, I deliver to you these troops of your Government." The troopers were sent to Fort Bliss for food and clothing. On the day after the release of the Americans, the New York Times printed this telegram from Colonel Alberto Salinas, nephew of the First Chief, and head of the Mexican Aviation Corps, to Mr. William A. Staats, of 29 Beekman Place, New York, the purchasing agent of aviation supplies for the Carranza Government:

MEXICO CITY, June 29, 1916.

Neither the Government of Mexico nor the people of Mexico want war, and both are doing everything available to avoid it, but as long as your Government insists on keeping troops in our territory the danger of war will exist. If there is war all the responsibilities will fall on the American Government, as it has neither the right nor the motives for keeping soldiers on our soil.

It is inconceivable how your Government can bring about war, which would cause immense damage for many years to both countries, just to remedy insignificant and temporary ones, as we are determined to keep up the war indefinitely to uphold the sovereignty and independence of our country. You who have been here and know us personally should tell the American people the truth about Mexico.

A. SALINAS.

The day after this was sent, and coincident with the publication in Mexico of the latest American note to the *de facto* Government, the First Chief issued a memorandum, by no means conciliatory in tone. It flatly denies many statements contained in Mr. Lansing's communication, reiterates the Mexican Government's denial of the right of the American forces to remain in Mexico, and impugns the honor of Generals Funston and Scott. It is suggested in some quarters that the memorandum is merely a statement of Mexico's case for home consumption, paralleling the American note of June 20, which was not made public in Mexico till June 30. The fact that the memorandum was not sent immediately to Señor Arredondo, Mexico's representative in Washington, gives color to this view. Our Administration's intentions are not entirely clear. In the course of his speech before the "New York Press Club" on June 30, President Wilson, while avoiding direct discussion of the details of the Mexican difficulty dwelt with some insistence on the need of keeping this country out of war. "Do you think the glory of America would be enhanced by a war of conquest against Mexico?" said the President. Then he added: "I am not the servant of those who wish to enhance the value of their Mexican investments, but the servant of the rank and file of the people." Meantime while this play is being staged, Mexico continues in agony. Persecution of a most violent kind has broken out anew. A reign of terror is on: houses are searched daily; many people, including ladies, have been arrested; some merchants have been set to sweep the streets, others have been tortured and others killed. The decree nullifying the Vera Cruz notes has caused another economic crisis. What trade there was has been brought to a standstill and the people are in most acute want.

**The War.**—The Allies have shown unwonted initiative during the past week. They have taken the offensive on many fronts. In France, in the Trentino and the Julian Alps, in East Galicia and Bukowina, in Armenia and Persia they have been attacking the Central Powers, and everywhere with success. Near Salonica also there are signs of renewed activity.

Near Verdun the French have recaptured, lost and recaptured the Thiaumont fortress. The Italian offensive has driven the Austrians back all along the line from the Adige to the Brenta, and has resulted in the recapture of Posina, Monte Pria Fora, Arsiero, Monte Cengio,

Pedescala, Asiago and Gallio. The Italians have also resumed the offensive along the Isonzo in the vicinity of Goritz. In the regions about Riga, Dvinsk and Lake Miadsiol engagements between the Germans and Russians have been without notable result. Further south, in Volhynia, the Germans have driven the Russians across the Stochod, and taken Liniewka. Between the Dniester and the Pruth the Russians have taken Obertyn and Kolomea. In southern Bukowina they have occupied Pozenille. In Armenia the Turks claim further victories north of the Chorukh River. In Persia the Russians have recaptured Bana but have lost an engagement east of Serail.

The principal event of the week has been the combined British and French offensive in Picardie. The attack had been in preparation for seven days, during which the British made numerous raids on the German positions and kept up a continuous rain of shells quite unprecedented in this sector and probably exceeding in violence anything that has taken place in the war so far. It is said, though unofficially, that 5,000,000 shells were fired at a cost of about \$125,000,000. On Saturday morning the German first-line trenches, on a front of twenty-five miles, from the southern outskirts of Arras to the Somme River, were subjected to a bombardment of unparalleled ferocity by guns of small and large caliber and especially by British mortars of a new and very destructive type. After an hour and a half, the fire of the guns along the entire line of attack was shifted simultaneously to the German second-line trenches, and at the same time the infantry dashed forward. Five hours of fighting resulted in a gain of about one mile on the whole front, with greater gains at the salient, east of Albert, where the Allies have pushed forward about five and a half miles. Serre, La Boisselle, Montauban, Mametz, Curlu and the Favière Woods are now in the hands of the Allies, the last two places having been captured by the French.

The controversy between Austria and the United States over the shelling of the American tanker, *Petrolite*, by an Austrian submarine in the Mediterranean on December 5, 1915, reached a decisive stage on June 21, when Mr. Lansing instructed Ambassador Penfield to deliver to the Austro-Hungarian Government a friendly but unmistakably clear note. The Secretary of State bases the position of the United States on the sworn statements of the Captain and the crew, and declares that in the light of the evidence so obtained it is impossible to accept the report of the submarine commander, who, it will be remembered, justified his action on the ground that he mistook the *Petrolite* for an enemy vessel sailing under false colors, which attempted to ram the submarine, and hence was fired on in self-defense. Mr. Lansing declares that the shape of the tanker precluded the possi-

#### *Important British Victory*

#### *The Note to Austria*

*Bulletin, June 27, a. m.-July 3, a. m.*



bility of its being mistaken for an auxiliary cruiser, a mistake that was rendered still less likely by the fact that the name of the vessel was painted on its side in letters about six feet high. Moreover the captain, immediately after the first shots, swung his vessel broadside to her course and stopped the engines, circumstances under which suspicion of attack was out of the question. And yet the majority of the twelve shots were fired while the vessel was at a standstill and in this position. Accordingly the United States has formulated its demands in the following significant paragraph:

In the absence of other and more satisfactory explanation of the attack on the steamer than that contained in the note addressed to you by the Foreign Office the Government of the United States is compelled to regard the conduct of the commander of the submarine in attacking the *Petrolite* and in coercing the captain as a deliberate insult to the flag of the United States and an invasion of the rights of American citizens for which this Government requests that an apology be made; that the commander of the submarine be punished, and that reparation be made for the injuries sustained by the payment of a suitable indemnity.

The note closes with the customary expressions of friendship.

**China.**—On June 30, Li Yuan Hung, President of the Chinese Republic, announced the personnel of the new compromise Cabinet as follows: Premier and War Minister, Tuan Chi-Jui; Foreign Affairs, Tang Shao-Yi; Interior, Tsu Shih-Ying; Navy, Chen Pih-Kuan; Commerce and Agriculture, Chang Kuo-Kan; Justice, Chang Yao-Tseng; Education, Sung Hung-Yi; Communication, Wang, Ta-Hsien; Finance, Chen Chin-tao. The President has issued a mandate summoning Parliament to resume sessions on August 1 and to adopt a permanent constitution for China.

**Germany.**—Press dispatches announce the conclusion of a new treaty of alliance between Germany and Austria-Hungary. According to the report

*Treaty of Alliance* The treaty, which is for twenty-five years, provides for the unification of direction of military and foreign affairs.

While regarding economic questions it provides for concerted action in dealing with foreign countries, interstate relations being left outside its scope. The administration of the treaty will be under a committee to consist of members delegated by the Federal Council on behalf of Germany, and by the Austro-Hungarian Government. The treaty will not be submitted to the Austrian or Hungarian Parliaments for ratification, as it is treated as a foreign affair and is under the sole responsibility of the Crown.

This of course belies the oft repeated rumor that Austria-Hungary would eventually sue for a separate peace.

**Great Britain.**—On June 29 the trial of Sir Roger Casement for high treason ended in a verdict of guilty and sentence of death by hanging. The plea of the

#### Casement's Sentence

defense was that the Irish knight had attempted merely to organize an Irish brigade in Germany for use against the Carsonites. After an hour's deliberation the jury returned the verdict and sentence was immediately passed. In his speech the prisoner made these statements which will live long in the hearts of his countrymen:

If we Irishmen are to be hanged as murderers, shot as rebels and imprisoned as convicts just because we love Ireland, then I am proud indeed to stand here in the traitor's dock, proud to be a rebel, glad to give my last drop of blood for the rebellion. . . . Irishmen are told to die for Flanders, Gallipoli, or a patch of desert in Mesopotamia, with the promise that they may get Home Rule after their death. But if they are willing to lay down their lives for their own native land they are called traitors. . . . I have been asked if I had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon me, but I am not called upon to say anything. I reply that I hope to be acquitted of presumption when I say that I do not seek judgment in this court. I prefer to leave the judgment of myself to a far higher justice. . . .

We have seen the constitutional army refuse to obey the constitutional Government, and we were told the first duty of Irishmen was to enter that army. If small nations were to be the first consideration, I saw no reason why Ireland should shed any blood for any people but her own.

If that be treason, I am not ashamed to avow it here.

I am prouder to stand here, in a traitor's dock, than to fill the place of my accusers.

Self-government is our right. It is no more a thing to be withheld from us, or doled out to us, than the right to life or light, to sunshine or spring flowers.

The chief British papers support the sentence, some of them in rather offensive language. The *Daily Telegraph* declares:

Casement is as guilty of the rebellion in Dublin as if he had taken an open share in it. How we can otherwise regard such a man than as a base and treacherous enemy against our country, a treasonable agent against his liege sovereign, a mean and pitiable conspirator with our worst enemy, it is impossible to say. If ever a man deserved capital punishment it is he.

#### The Daily News says:

The sentence of death was the only conceivable sentence that could be passed. His crime was open and flagrant, and it was deepened by the circumstances of his career. There could be no clearer case for the extreme penalty, and so far as he himself is concerned there is no reason to suggest any mitigation of sentence. From other and more weighty considerations it is doubtful whether true wisdom lies in giving him that crown of "martyrdom" which he obviously desires. There is one thing above all others to avoid at this moment, that is to give fresh impulse to elements of unrest at a time when the whole fate of Ireland is in the balance.

#### The Daily Express thinks:

There need be no fear that the justice of the sentence imposed on Casement will be questioned in any country in the world. There can be no question of Casement's guilt, and we are entirely unimpressed by his elaborate apologies for the crime for which he stands condemned. His plea that as an Irishman he is outside the jurisdiction of the British court is not only a misstatement, it is a disingenuous subterfuge advanced with the rest of his carefully-prepared speeches to

impress the Clan-na-Gael section of Irish-Americans. The Irish have a genius for the canonization of martyrs, but even they will hardly find ground for admiration in the career of this clever, educated, and rather sordid and extremely degenerate traitor.

As is usual in such cases, American opinion is sharply divided over this issue. Many of the papers published by Irishmen speak of the verdict as inevitable because of the fact that Casement was tried in England and not in Ireland. The New York *Evening Post* declares that in view of the light sentence imposed on Liebknecht, Germany has gained a moral advantage over England. The New York *Sun* declares the Irish knight is not an object of commiseration if he is sane.

**Ireland.**—On June 26, Mr. John Redmond presided at a meeting of the Irish party at the Mansion House, London. John Dillon, Joseph Devlin and other Nationalist leaders were present. Resolutions were passed expressing gratitude for the "magnificent spirit of

*Terms of the Lloyd George Proposals* patriotic self-sacrifice" manifested at the Conference of the Ulster Nationalists in consenting to the temporary exclusion of six Ulster counties from the Home Rule Act. The resolutions also favored acceptance of Mr. Lloyd George's plan, and protested against the conduct of the Government in failing to liberate men imprisoned who were in no way connected with the recent uprising in Ireland.

A clear and full idea of Mr. Lloyd George's plan of temporary exclusion of six Ulster counties from the operation of the Home Rule Act, is given by such Irish papers as the *Cork Weekly Examiner* and the *Leader*. From statements issued by the Irish party, these journals thus indicate the substance and the main features of the Lloyd George plan. It intends (1) To bring the Home Rule Act into immediate operation. (2) To introduce at once an Amending Bill as a strictly "War Emergency Act," to cover only the period of the war and a short specified interval after it. (3) During that period the Irish members are to remain at Westminster in their full numbers. (4) During this war emergency period, six Ulster counties are to be left as at present under the Imperial Government. (5) Immediately after the war, an Imperial Conference of representatives from all the Dominions of the Empire is to be held to consider the future government of the Empire, including the question of the government of Ireland. (6) Immediately after this Conference, and during the interval provided for by the War Emergency Act, the final settlement of all the outstanding problems, such as the permanent position of the six exempted counties, the question of finance and other problems which cannot be dealt with during the war, will be proceeded with.

**Rome.**—The Holy Father has been working earnestly to bring about the exchange of Italian and Austrian

prisoners of war, whose wounds and physical condition render them unfit for further military service. For this end he has made use of the services of the international Red Cross of Geneva. Austria consented to the exchange in principle, but at first laid down certain conditions and restrictions which for a time prevented satisfactory settlement. According to *Rome*, among the conditions laid down by Austria was one to the effect that the Austrian prisoners taken by Serbia and afterwards sent to Italy for custody, should be included in the arrangement, but Italy insisted that she had not full power over the disposal of these and that they must form the object of another agreement. Austria also wished to confine the exchange to prisoners seriously mutilated or blind or in desperate conditions of health and not to include others recognized by the doctors as unfit for military service. Through the Apostolic Nuncio at Vienna and his special Delegate at Berne, the Holy Father appealed to the Austrian Government to remove these restrictions. The appeal has been listened to and the last difficulties have been smoothed away. The final formalities for the complete exchange of Italian and Austrian prisoners of war unfit for military service are being carried out through the instrumentality of the Swiss Government and the International Red Cross of Geneva. It seems regrettable, *Rome* adds, that no reliable statistics have hitherto been published of the number of prisoners of war thus restored to home and freedom through the action of the Holy Father.

**Spain.**—The question of Catalonian Regionalism is still profoundly stirring the country. The Catalans maintain that the problem is the most important issue in Span-

#### *Regionalism and Catalonia*

ish politics and that it demands an instant solution. The Government and Parliament on the other hand generally deny the fact and claim that the vital problem for Spain at the present moment is an economic one and that at least until the conclusion of the war, the energies of the nation should be devoted to national defense in all its aspects. The speech delivered by Señor Bergamin, late Minister of Education, has done much to excite the various partisans. Up to the present the Government has made no official statement, and the attitude which it will take is awaited on all sides with the deepest interest. Judging from the latest press dispatches, it would seem that the Catalans, justly proud of their history and tenacious of their privileges, will be satisfied with nothing less than complete independence. The King of Spain as in ancient times would be merely Lord of Barcelona, but for the rest, the Catalans would enjoy complete self-government and home-rule. If the question is not settled in their favor before the end of the war, they declare that they will bring the matter before the international peace conference, and thus take it out of Spanish hands.



## TOPICS OF INTEREST

## Woman Suffrage and Allied Problems

WHILE woman suffrage has been discussed from every possible standpoint, renewed and vigorous agitation in its favor justifies some passing thoughts both on the nature and extent of the power or duty, whichever way we may regard it, to be committed to women in common with men, and on certain considerations connected therewith.

It does not need much reflection to realize that the ballot in itself is after all a very limited mode of carrying out its purpose. While a public expression is, of course, necessary in order to reduce to concrete form a community thought, nobody needs to be told that the mere casting or counting or publication of a vote does not of itself run a government. The only use to which the vote can be put is either to decide a question or elect an agent. But the question itself must first be framed and the name of the proposed agent presented; and these functions must be exercised by a very small number of people at best. And it may readily be conceived how small a share in either decision the voter possesses, if in expressing his decision he can neither choose the question nor modify it, nor substitute the proposed agent.

Then again the decision of the question as thus framed in advance is rendered only by a majority of those who vote, and in practice these never amount to a majority of those entitled to vote, even though those entitled to vote never constitute the entire community which is interested in the result. If then to this consideration we add the further thought that not a tithe of the issues which are determined in the daily course of government come before the electors, we are forced to conclude that the community at large has precious little to do with the conduct of affairs in popular government unless indeed there is something behind the ballot which really emanates from the community and controls and directs the vote.

This force, if we may so call it, is the pressure of public opinion: a subtle influence resulting from the union of minds through the process of intercommunication, which crystallizes into a consensus, we might almost say unconsciously and certainly through no process known to the physical world. In this process no one can doubt that the entire community, men and women included, participates. It moves in currents, with opposing and cross currents, and forces the agent, be he legislator or executive, to keep abreast of it if he would retain his hold upon popular favor, and really instigates the questions that are put to the electorate, and to some extent the names of the candidates for election. And no decision, whether in the legislative hall or executive chamber or even at the polls can ever stand or be carried out if

that silent force makes itself felt in its own peculiar way to oppose it.

In an autocracy this force is largely quiescent, being content to accept the rule imposed by governing authority, though even there the ruler must take soundings. In a true democracy it is thoroughly alive and insistent. The voter may think in casting his ballot that he is acting solely upon a conviction, emanating from his own inner self. In truth he is so swayed by the currents of thought by which he is environed that notwithstanding all the vagaries of the majority vote with its continual reversals, no one can fail to recognize in the long run as regards questions which sound the depths of public interest a steady purpose which suggests more the design of a single individual than that of the conglomerate mass of the people.

I have said that in a real democracy this public opinion is thoroughly alive and insistent. Indeed, I may add that its activity is the real test of democracy. If the people, as is often the case, become too preoccupied with their individual private affairs to give thought to what concerns them as a community, the ballot becomes a farce and is most likely to represent the influence of a coterie intent upon using the machinery of popular expression to accomplish their own selfish ends. This is often perceptible in our municipalities where the result of the ballot may be plainly perceived to oppose the interest of the community generally, in which is, of course, included the interest of the voters themselves.

Therefore, the holder of the franchise should be regarded more as an agent than as a principal, however unconscious he may himself be of the nature of his function. And this conclusion is further emphasized by the consideration that the franchise, no matter how extensive, is not a natural right in the same sense that the right to life, liberty or property are natural rights. If it were it could not be restricted, whereas in the purest democracy it is always restricted in one way or another. In this country where as regards males it enjoys its largest expansion, it is confined to individuals over twenty-one years of age, to natives or naturalized citizens, and generally to those who pay a tax in one form or another. Every extension is not an unmixed blessing, for it is conceivable, in view of what precedes, that by merely enlarging the numbers of voters, though the cost of securing the vote be thereby increased, we may not necessarily alter the result. If, for instance, women are as instrumental as men under present conditions in forming that public opinion which expresses itself in the ballot it would be hard to imagine that once possessed of the franchise they would so far differ from men in casting it as to reverse in the long run the trend of decisions. It seems more probable that they would divide as men divide on public questions; and the limited experience to which woman suffrage, already conferred in certain quarters, has contributed, seems to confirm this conjecture. But this is mere surmise and not intended for argument. It results from

these reflections, however, that in seeking the solution of this important question it is public opinion which in the end must decide it; and it will not be finally decided until that opinion has been fully aroused to its importance.

The family is the social unit. If every community question does not actually find its source in the family it is for the most part the family which is most concerned in its solution. And it is the family sentiment which must be brought to bear upon it for its final determination. This particular question is one which peculiarly concerns the family because suffrage involves a function for woman which she has never before exercised. And in this connection it is further to be considered that as the franchise is not a natural right, so it is not a mere privilege; it is primarily a duty involving other functions besides the mere casting of a ballot. Quite true, a citizen may vote or not, may run for office or not, may serve in the militia and police or not, as he pleases; he may even offer excuses for the purpose of evading jury duty. But assuredly any such mental reservations whether by an individual or a class do not in a democracy disclose the proper attitude toward the incidents of citizenship. If woman should share the function she should not abandon any part of it exclusively to men. May it not be reasonably supposed that it is this thought on the part of the community at large which has hitherto prevented any crystallization of public opinion on this subject? For while innumerable measures affecting woman's status in regard to personal and property rights have been enacted from day to day, it seems impossible as yet to gauge the popular sense in this question of suffrage. And yet there is no reason, as affecting her capacity, to prevent woman helping to express public opinion seeing that she contributes her full quota in shaping it. Is she then inclined to participate in this duty? Is the community, of which she composes at least one-half, of opinion that she should?

It behooves every family throughout the land, therefore, to consider the question in all its bearings seriously and intelligently and to exert a strong influence on that crystallization of public opinion which must sooner or later take place and find concrete expression in the ballot.

J. PERCY KEATING.

#### Vacations

**I** SUPPOSE it may be assumed without question that one of the things that everybody desires is long life. The Psalmist's warning that the years after threescore and ten may be full of trouble and physical discomfort is no deterrent for most of us; we look forward hopefully, yes, even wistfully, to a long span of years. Fourscore of years would be a pleasant anticipation, and fourscore and ten doubtless still more satisfying. Most men are anxious not to wear themselves out prematurely, but rather to preserve their vitality just as long as possible. There is a very definite impression rather widely prevalent at the present time that it is

possible by continuous hard work to exhaust ourselves before our time and thus to shorten our existence. As a consequence, we are taking more and longer vacations than ever in the hope of preserving full bodily strength, confident that in the end we shall thus make rather than lose time and be capable of more effective accomplishment.

The career of probably the most distinguished physician of our generation in America forms a most instructive, though quite startling, commentary on this point. He died a couple of years ago at the age of eighty-six or eighty-seven. Most people will surmise at once that I refer to Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, a nerve specialist known not only throughout this country, but possessed of no mean reputation even abroad. I shall not soon forget my first experience in Paris. I applied at the Salpêtrière for opportunities to study nervous diseases, and on being introduced to the late Professor Gilles de la Tourette, he asked me where I had studied in America. I told him at the University of Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia. The word "Philadelphia" caught him at once and he said, "Ah! then you must know Weir Mitchell";—at least that is the name he thought he was saying to me; what he really said was "*Wire Mishell*" with the accent on the "shell." I could not for the life of me make out whom he meant. I had known Weir Mitchell very well; I had met him often in the laboratory of hygiene of the University, where he was doing some work on rattlesnake poison while I was following out some investigations in ventilation. *Wire Mishell*, however, was an utterly unfamiliar name. After a time, Dr. Gilles de la Tourette made it clearer whom he meant, and then my acquaintance with Weir Mitchell became an open-sesame to another precious acquaintanceship.

On almost any topic, Dr. Weir Mitchell's opinion, being that of a cultured gentleman, would be of value; but in regard to a change of serious occupation as a means of vacation, as opposed to a complete rest from toil for the same end, his scientific knowledge as a physician, united to his unique personal experience as an ultra-active octogenarian living on almost to the nineties, gives his opinions especial weight.

He had been accustomed to go annually for the summer with his family to Bar Harbor, though he always found it quite impossible to spend four months or more merely resting or in social diversions. Even hunting, fishing, all-day excursions, though physically tiring and conducive to appetite and sleep for the time being, failed to satisfy perfectly the whole man. As an experiment, at the age of forty-five, he tried his hand at writing a novel. Every year after that, almost without exception, he finished a book of some kind, always spending a number of hours every day of his vacation in pure literary work. He looked forward to the summer to get away from other interests and occupy himself with literary work, the composition of novels, essays, poems, medical treatises.



He was always an extremely busy man. He saw his patients and did hospital work during the winter. He was constantly appealed to for addresses and poems on special occasions; he was looked to for papers at important medical meetings; and had very little time that he could call his own. With this press of work during the winter, it would seem as though his summer literary labors—labors such as many others would consider a good year of work—must surely prove serious for him. As the expression goes, he was undoubtedly burning the candle at both ends, and in thus exhausting his vitality, would surely die young. His friends will tell you that he did die young. He died eighty-six years young. Though a tremor that developed when he was about sixty, involving particularly nodding of the head, seemed to forebode premature death, and was even taken by some of his friends to mean that he had worked too hard, he nevertheless lived on for twenty-five years after its development, active in mind and body until the end.

He had probably studied more cases of neurasthenia, nervous exhaustion and nervous breakdown than any one else in the country, yet he always declared that he owed his own health and longevity to the constant and thorough occupation of his mind. He felt sure that if he had tried to spend his vacations doing nothing, he would not only have been extremely dissatisfied, but he would have "got on his own nerves" and been more unfit for the winter's work than after the complete change which he secured by devoting himself to literary effort during the long summer months.

For while a vacation is usually translated as freedom to do what one pleases, it should not be forgotten that the expression *vacare rei* in Latin means to apply oneself whole-heartedly to something: as it were to be free from all other disturbing thoughts so as to be able to apply all one's mental energies to a particular subject. It is probably quite impossible for the human mind to do nothing. It must occupy itself with something. The all-important consideration is that it should not occupy itself with any one thing too continuously. That probably brings about an exhaustion of the particular portion of the brain, the nerve-centers or sense-organs subserving the given mental process. The only way to get a rest is to occupy the mind with something entirely different from that with which it was engaged before. If it is deeply concerned with some interest, as the minds of all serious people are as a rule, then an attempt to do nothing or to occupy the mind with trivial matters will almost inevitably lead to a reversion to the thoughts about the special subject of interest. This is particularly true if there are worries connected with that subject. One may take up the newspaper, but after the sensational news of the day has been seen, the reading of conventional happenings will give opportunity for the intrusion on the background of the mind of the anxieties and solitudes with regard to the main subject of mental occupation. There is just one way to be free from them,

and that is to have another intellectual interest which will occupy the attention just as completely as the preceding one. However, it is not always easy to manage this. Just in as far as it can be done, the mind gets an ideal rest. What we need is diversion of mind, distraction from preceding thoughts, not absolute mental idleness. This was S. Weir Mitchell's conviction; it was illustrated by his life; it was confirmed by his fourscore years and six of active mentality.

Here is something which people should recall now that they are arranging for vacation. Particularly is it of importance for those who have been engaged in mental pursuits. It is the custom for teachers and other professional people to take a longer vacation than others. The old-time tradition in this matter is probably founded on a well-established need. It is important to remember, however, that the ideal vacation for both teachers and members of professions would come by taking up some very different but quite serious interest during the summer months, rather than by a complete surcease of mental effort. A change of scene is very conducive to the perfection of this diversion of interest and to the distraction of attention that is thereby afforded. It is quite probable that vacations could be made to yield fine fruit of intellectual development which, far from lessening vitality or mental power, would add to it and at the same time give the best possible recreation.

A little planning would be necessary, but the deliberate taking up of a special subject as unlike as possible the ordinary vocational work would probably prove as effective for a good many teachers in giving fine intellectual satisfaction and in preserving health and strength, as it did for Weir Mitchell.

There is an entirely unwarranted fear in our time that we may exhaust mental vitality by over-use of it. Yet it is worry, not work, that hurts. Unceasing, fretful occupation with some single narrow interest is at the root of more nervous and mental exhaustion than anything else. You sometimes hear people say complacently that the many nervous breakdowns of our time are due to the intense absorption of men in their work and the high pressure of our strenuous life. I do not believe a bit of it. There are more nervous breakdowns among women who have comparatively nothing but absurd social duties to occupy them than among any others of their sex. As for the men, it must not be forgotten that this is an age of specialism and men become too intensely occupied with narrow interests. Specialism puts into use but one part of their brain cells; having no relief in diversity of interest, that little part exhausts itself and men are unable to use it any more. No wonder a sense of utter inability to work comes over them.

A healthy mind in a healthy body means activity of both with diversity of interests. The men who have lived the longest have been in the main men who have worked the hardest but have had a number of varied interests. Even vacation must have its intellectual interests, and

they must be serious. There can be no real vacation in the mental any more than in the moral order.

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D.

### Mysticism and a Wooden Post

**B**LACK night had shut in my house and garden with shutters first of slate and then of ebony; I was making my way indoors by the fiery square of the lamp-lit window, when I thought I saw something new sticking out of the ground, and bent over to look at it. In so doing I knocked my head against a post and saw stars; stars of the seventh heaven, stars of the secret and supreme firmament. For it did truly seem, as the pain lessened, but before the pain had wholly passed, as though I saw written in an astral alphabet on the darkness something that I had never understood so clearly before: a truth about the mystics which I have half-known all my life. I shall not be able to put the idea together again with the words upon this page, for these queer moods of clearness are always fugitive: but I will try. The post is still there, but the stars in the brain are fading.

When I was young I wrote a lot of little poems, mostly about the beauty and necessity of wonder; which was a genuine feeling with me, as it is still. The power of seeing plain things and landscapes in a kind of sunlight of surprise; the power of jumping at the sight of a bird as at a winged bullet; the power of being brought to a standstill by a tree as by the gesture of a gigantic hand; in short, the power of running one's head against a post poetically is one which varies in different people and which I can say without conceit is a part of my own human nature. It is not a power which indicates any artistic strength, still less any spiritual exaltation; men who write very much better poetry than I are quite without it; men who are religious in a sense too sublime for me to conceive are equally without it. Of the pebble in the pathway, of the twig on the hedge, it may truly be said that many prophets and righteous men have desired to see these things and have not seen them. It is a small and special gift, but an innocent one.

As my little poems were mostly bad poems, they attracted a certain amount of attention among modern artists and critics; I was told that I was a mystic and found myself being introduced to rows and rows of mystics, most of them much older and wiser than I. Of course, there were professional quacks and amateur asses among them; but not in much larger proportion than would have appeared among politicians and men of science or any other mixed convention. There was the long-faced, elderly man, who said, in a deep, bass voice like distant thunder: "What we want is Love"; which is true enough if to want means to lack. There was the little, radiant man, who radiated all his fingers outward and cried: "Heaven is here! It is now!" as if he were selling something, as he probably was. There was the chippy little man who took one confidentially into a corner

and said quietly: "There is no true difference between good and bad, they are alike leading us upwards." He was easily disposed of merely by asking, if there was no difference between good and bad, what was the difference between up and down. But it would be gravely and grossly unjust to suggest that any of these were representative of the modern mystics whose acquaintance I made. I met many men whom history and literature will rightly remember. I met the man who was and is by far the greatest poet who has written in English in decades. For I will not call Mr. Yeats an English poet; I will only say that I should be sorry to see him translated into any other language. I met a man like Mr. Herbert Burrows who, almost alone among men in my knowledge, contrived to combine an Oriental and impersonal religion with that hard fighting and hot magnanimity which we in the West mean when we are speaking of a man. There were great poets and great fighters, then, among these modern mystics whom I met; and their genius and sincerity, as well as their mysticism, led me to conclude that they were quite right. And yet there was something inside me telling me, with what I can only call a stifled scream, that they were quite wrong. It was the same, for that matter, with my early economic opinions. I was a Socialist in my youth, because the attacks on Socialism, as then conducted, left a man no choice except to be a Socialist or a scoundrel, as a young American friend of mine once excellently put it. But, even then, long before I had ceased to be a Socialist, long before I heard of peasant proprietorship or any other escape from our present disgrace, I had felt by a tug in my bones, that the Fabians and the Marxians were pulling the world one way when I wanted it to go the other. So I felt about great mystics like Mr. Yeats; about sane Theosophists like Mr. Burrows. I felt, not merely that their mysticism was different from mine, but that their mysticism was in flat contradiction to mine, more even than the materialists. I went on feeling this; it took me a long time to give it even an obscure expression. I never found a really vivid expression until I knocked my head against the post. The expression that leapt to my lips then, I am, I say, forgetting slowly.

Now what I found finally about our contemporary mystics is this. When they said that a wooden post was wonderful—a point on which we all agreed, I hope—they meant that they could make something wonderful out of it by thinking about it. "Dream; there is no truth," said Mr. Yeats, "but in your heart." The modern mystic looked for the post, not outside in the garden, but inside in the mirror of his mind. But the mind of the modern mystic, like a dandy's dressing-room, was entirely made of mirrors. Thus glass repeated glass like doors opening inwards forever; till one could hardly see that inmost chamber of unreality where the post made its last appearance. And as the mirrors of the modern mystic's mind are mostly curved and many of them cracked, the post in the ultimate reflection looked like

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all sorts of things: a waterspout, the tree of knowledge, the sea-serpent standing upright, a twisted column of the new natural architecture, and so on. Hence we have Picasso and a million other puerilities. But I was never interested in mirrors; that is, I was never interested in my own reflection—or reflections. I am interested in wooden posts, which do startle me like miracles. I am interested in the post that stands waiting outside my door to hit me over the head, like a giant's club in a fairy tale. All my mental doors open outward into a world I have not made. My last door of liberty opens upon a world of sun and solid things, of objective adventures. The post in the garden: the thing I could neither create nor expect: strong plain daylight on stiff upstanding wood: it is the Lord's doing and it is marvelous in our eyes.

When the modern mystics said they liked to see a post, they meant they liked to imagine it. They were better poets than I; and they imagined it as soon as they saw it—for, as I have already described, I might feel it before I saw it. To me the post is wonderful because it is *there*: there whether I like it or not. I was struck silly by a post, but if I were struck blind by a thunderbolt, the post would still be there; the substance of things not seen. For the amazing thing about the universe is that it exists, not that we can discuss its existence. All real spirituality is a testimony to this world as much as the other: the material universe does exist. The Cosmos still quivers to its topmost star from that great kick that Mr. Johnson gave the stone when he defied Berkeley. The kick was not philosophy, but it was religion.

Now the mystics around me had not this lively faith that things are fantasies because they are facts. They wanted, as all magicians did, "to control the elements"; to *be* the Cosmos. They wanted the stars to be their omnipresent eyes, for instance; and therefore they favored twilight, and all the dim and borderland mediums in which one thing melts into another, in which a man can be as large as Nature and, what is worse, as impersonal as Nature. But I never was properly impressed with the mysticism of twilight, but rather by the riddle of daylight, as huge and staring as the Sphinx. I felt it in bare, big buildings against blue, high houses gutted and still empty, great blank walls washed with warm light as with a monstrous brush. One seemed to have come to the back of everything. And everything had that strange and high indifference that belongs only to things that are. You see I have not said what I meant; but if you admit that my head and the post are equally wonderful, I give you leave to say that they are equally wooden!

G. K. CHESTERTON.

#### A Study in Contrasts

MORRIS was engaged in sorting and filing his newspaper clippings when I called to see him the other

night. He is a veteran journalist who reads, or at any rate, skims through, goodness only knows how many periodicals. He says when I ask him why in the world he needs so many clippings, on so many and so varied subjects, that he is engaged in beginning the "graveyard" for the Catholic daily that some day is going to appear. Every big newspaper, of course, finds it indispensable to collect and systematically file away all sorts of clippings and articles and reports. This collection, in journalese, is always called either the "graveyard," or the "morgue," I suppose because the "obituaries" of many people, more or less prominent, are kept therein, canned, as it were, awaiting their more or less interesting deaths.

My friend Morris is a middle-aged, getting-to-be-elderly bachelor who for thirty years or more has drifted to and fro about the country working in various capacities on daily newspapers. Of late years, however, he has stuck pretty closely to San Francisco, as he has a theory that its fog is "good for rheumatism." When it is pointed out that the general opinion is that fog is bad for rheumatism, he smiles, rather contemptuously, with a sort of patient pity for human ignorance and obstinacy, and shakes his big, bald head. Then he slowly fills and lights a pipe, if the occasion happens to find him unfortified, and begins—but I will spare you his harangue. I think Morris is preparing a great work, his *magnum opus*, a sort of huge "Dictionary of Erroneous Opinions." There is a strong dash of the reformer and crotchety critic in his nature; in fact, if he had not—rather suddenly, and I suspect, rather curiously—happened to be converted to Catholicism, he might have founded some queer sect, or political party, of his own. But of late he has grown steadily more tolerant in most matters; but equally as confirmed in his views in other things; these latter things, I notice, being those closely connected with his new-found faith. He has had such an extraordinarily comprehensive sort of experience of life, and his own temperament is so unusual, that I find him the most interesting person I know, and I often go to talk with him.

"Now here's a corker!" he cried, as I entered his smoky, book-stuffed room high up on Russian Hill. "Cut it out of the *Examiner* today. Run your eye over that, my boy, and fill your pipe."

He handed me a newspaper clipping which contained two "stories," as we newspapermen term all news articles. The headline of the first ran as follows: "Catholic Teachers in Annual Session." The headline of the other was this: "Course in Honesty is Urged for Schools." In substance, the first item briefly related the events marking the first day's business of the Catholic Teachers' Institute, which had been attended by four or five hundred "Sisters and Christian Brothers, teachers of the parochial schools," who had heard addresses by the Archbishop, a Professor of the Catholic University, and several others. The second item ran as follows:

An appeal for a Department of Morals and Ethics in the Public Schools has been made by Mrs. Frank Harris, President of the Mothers' Congress, in a letter to the special Government commission which is conducting a survey of the local school system. Mrs. Harris believes that graft and dishonesty are increasing in American public life, and that this is due to the lack of definite moral instruction in the public schools. She is carrying on an agitation in the Mothers' Congress and Parent-Teachers' Associations, with a view to arousing a public sentiment which will compel the Board of Education to provide such a department.

"Very interesting—quite a study in contrasts," I remarked.

"Ex-actly!" cried Morris, using his favorite form of exclamation when excited. "Ex-actly! You know it, and so do I; but I wonder if you feel it as keenly as I? I don't think you do, unless you happened to have gone to the Cathedral yesterday? No? Didn't think of it, eh? Well, I was there. Fortunately, I have a good deal of time at my own disposal, so of course, when I heard that the nuns and Christian Brothers and pastors of the city were to assemble at Mass before the opening of the Institute I determined to be there. You see, my boy, I've only been attending Mass for a few years. I've got to make up as much as possible for the forty years or so I didn't hear Mass.

"I'm a Welshman, by descent, and the Welsh are supposed to be like the Irish in susceptibility to supernatural things. Which is at least one commonly received opinion that chances to be right. But although Wales itself is now a sort of huge Methodist camp-meeting, time was when the Faith ruled there, as, please God, it will again some day, and deep down in every Welshman, no matter how thick his layer of Methodism, there is a Catholic door to his soul, which door is his predisposition to supernatural influences. I mention all this to explain, if it does, why it was that on entering the Cathedral yesterday, after the Canon had begun, I was moved very, very deeply. Ranked before the high altar, pew behind pew, knelt our Sisters; the Christian Brothers were in the sanctuary. The Archbishop was kneeling in the center, the bell was ringing, and the celebrant was bowing under the weight of the tremendous words of the consecration: the Lord was uniting His Eternity with our time. . . .

"The holy rites proceeded; then his Grace entered the pulpit, and to the 500 women and men who had given all to follow Christ, and who under His guidance were expending their entire selves, all their forces, all their talents, all their lives, to teach little children, he preached duty, and right, and justice, and love, and the sacrifice and the consecration of life to these things, yes, but also to more than these high, holy things, to the Living God whom they dimly yet so surely proclaim, and from whom they come!

"And I thought—ah, my friend, I thought many things, far more than I can tell you! I thought of my own boyhood, in a public school. I thought of the millions of souls that in these crowded days pass through the public

schools. I thought of how true it is that the goodness of God, and God Himself, is everywhere. Therefore, that which is good in the system of the public school, that which is useful in preparing boys and girls to be men and women of honesty and kindness and goodness proceeds from God, and will work His will to good. Yes! But I thought also how my soul was stunted and starved, because God was not taught in the public school which I attended, God was not served and manifested as He is by these sanctified men and women, our Catholic teachers. There was, in the school of my unfortunate boyhood, no pervading and impregnating atmosphere of faith and service and love; there was no firm, undeviating, demonstrated, final system of morality; nor is the state of the public school better today; it is worse, and must continue to grow worse unless God is acknowledged, taught, served as the first, indispensable principle of all education.

"Do I bore you? I know a convert is apt to wax excited where Catholics of birth and tradition and training calmly see and accept things that are matters of course to them. But don't you become just a bit too matter-of-fact and unemotional and unexcited? Don't you sometimes forget what you are doing for your country with your Catholic schools? Believe an old newspaperman when he says that his experience proves to him that the great trouble of the times is hunger and thirst, a slow starvation, a malnutrition of the soul. Men and women are good at bottom, for at bottom they are immortal spirits, God made them, and they must be good, and only that which is good will be useful to them and satisfy them and make them joyous and at peace. But they are mostly cut off from the source of their true food by ignorance and error and the fog-banks fuming from the seas of evil where the spirit of darkness dwells. But we who are Catholics know that the source of the food and light which they crave is the Church of Christ; and that His religion is not merely going to church on Sundays; it is life itself; life sanctified by Him; and we know our schools are part of His work.

"In fact, my boy, if Mrs. Frank Harris only knew it, the Department of Morals and Ethics which she so correctly desires to see established, is already working—in the Catholic school. But I see you are smiling again at the convert. Let's talk about the Conventions. If Teddy—"

MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

#### The Call to the Colors

THE first New York regiment to leave the city in answer to the call to arms was the Sixty-ninth. Fifth Avenue and the side streets through which the khaki columns passed on their way to entrainment at the New York Central yards were lined with cheering people. Flags waved, handkerchiefs fluttered, and here and there along the line of march a quiet woman wept. For there was a tone of seriousness and reserve running through the enthusiasm that greeted New York's fighting Sixty-ninth. On the Cathedral steps a real "Mother Machree" epitomized the situation, as only an Irish mother could: "God send it won't be



war; but if it is, there's many of the poor lads will not be coming back again, and what will their mothers do?"

The night of June twentieth, the men of the regiment slept in their armory. Early in the morning of the twenty-first, the "assembly" rang out and the ranks filled. Bishop Hayes entered the armory with Father Duffy, the regimental chaplain, as the band played "The Wearing of the Green," and more than a thousand men in khaki shouted themselves hoarse. The cheering ceased, and Bishop Hayes, the official representative of the Church that had mothered most of these soldiers and taught them what true love of country means, began to speak. He expressed the regret of the Cardinal at his inability to be present in person, and reminded these khaki-clad sons of the Church that they were not bent on a war of aggression:

"This is no war of conquest," said the Bishop. "but a mission to uphold the dignity and the honor of your country and your homes. On such a mission it is fitting that we should ask the blessing of Almighty God, and we may feel secure that it will be granted to men in such a mission as is yours. God bless you all."

With the blessing of their Church upon them, the olive-drab ranks filed out of the armory. The band struck up "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and the crowds that jammed sidewalks, roofs, and windows cheered heartily. "We're with you, Sixty-ninth." "You're the Boys!" "Oh! You Irishmen!" "Hats off to Father Duffy," were a few of the greetings echoed from the shouting throngs. For New Yorkers love the Sixty-ninth. They have every reason to. It is New York's fighting regiment, and its record is a proud one. The Sixty-ninth has *never* lost a flag. That means something if you know anything about soldiering, and glance at the big granite slabs, inset at either end of the armory façade, where the Sixty-ninth's battle honors are writ in stone—Bull Run, Fair Oaks, Malvern Hill, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, The Wilderness, Cold Harbor. Surely a stirring roll. So it was not surprising that the cheering crowds cast curious looks at the Stars and Stripes borne aloft by the color-sergeant, a towering Celt with firm-set chin and fighting eye. For the staff that bore the flag these men were serving, as their sires had served it before them, was covered by dozens of silver rings, each bearing an inscription of battle or campaign in which the Sixty-ninth had served.

Viewing the marching columns, this fair June morning, the mind harked back to other days, to the first chapter in the history of this military organization that stands for all that is best in Irish martial vigor, and true Catholic patriotism, true because it is Catholic. It was the spring of '61. The nation was in the first awful pangs of civil war. Not long before, there had been a disgraceful outburst of fanatical bigotry, fomented by Know-nothingism and Native Americanism. It is the most un-American page in American history. The Colonel of the Sixty-ninth, Michael Corcoran, was then under military arrest for refusing to parade his regiment in honor of a foreign prince. His refusal was the occasion for an outburst of vituperation akin in sentiment to the vaporings of the Guardians of Liberty who up to the present have not rallied to the Flag they love so dearly. Great patriots these, brave guardians of liberty who hate the race and creed of the men who make up the majority of the fighting Sixty-ninth! A short time before those days of national stress and strain, a narrow Governor of Massachusetts, under the license of his official position, had deprived the Irish military companies in Boston, of their arms and disrupted their organization. It was the day of the patriots whose patriotism burst into flames that lit up the darkness of New England skies, and left the Charleston Ursuline Convent a mass of charred ruins, black as the hearts of the cowardly incendiaries. But when the call to arms came in '61, the men of an outraged race and creed, both in New York and Boston were among the first to rally to the defense of the Flag. Under the shadow of old St. Patrick's,

the Sixty-ninth formed ranks, nearly two thousand strong. After Mass within its hallowed walls, these Catholic soldiers fell into line, and swung down Broadway on the march to the front.—The first morning in camp, it was Corpus Christi, a fortnight ago, found the Sixty-ninth of today kneeling, in a rain-soaked field, at Holy Mass. How strangely real Catholic patriots act!

Sitting in the office of the *Metropolitan Record*, the diocesan organ, on that spring day of '61, was New York's great Archbishop, John Hughes, who blessed them as they marched by. An old New Yorker told me he was in the room with Archbishop Hughes that day, and as the first Blue line appeared, Father "Tom" Mooney, the regimental chaplain, left the command, hurried into the office of the *Record*, and kneeling before the Archbishop said: "Your blessing, Archbishop, on the flag and on the regiment." He then rejoined the tramping column. History repeats! Did you see the Sixty-ninth swing by the Cathedral, on June 21, 1916? "Eyes right," commanded Colonel Conley. "Eyes right" repeated the company commanders. And turning their heads the soldiers greeted a group of black-robed priests standing on the Cathedral steps, in their midst, the representative of the Cardinal Archbishop of New York with his hand raised to bless them.

Massachusetts repeats the story of New York. Of the four infantry regiments from the Bay State—the Second, Fifth, Eighth and Ninth—practically all the men of the Ninth are Catholics, and a goodly proportion of the Fifth and Eighth. Sixty priests from various religious orders and the diocesan clergy were detailed to hear the soldiers' confessions at the State Camp, Framingham, where 3,000 soldiers attended a Field Mass on June 25. The Bay State has the honor of leading the movement of all the State troops to the Mexican border. On June 26, the War Department received a report from the Massachusetts State Camp at Framingham, announcing that the entire Second Brigade of four regiments was entrained, ready to move, and that the Ninth Infantry (The Catholic Ninth) had left for El Paso, at 11.10. Yet neither the Ninth Massachusetts nor the Sixty-ninth New York belong to so-called patriotic organizations whose patriotism finds expression in bigotry or calumny against fellow citizens of other religious beliefs. Strange, when the call to the Colors came, they were the first to answer. The self-styled patriots, Guardians of Liberty, members of Charities Commissions, who are so fearful for the welfare of our Government, whenever a campaign of calumny is in vogue, are very conspicuous by their absence from a campaign that has drawn real men from office and store, to the dog tent and the hardships of the field. While mobilization was on, and troop trains were moving and the rumble of caissons was heard in the city parks, a group of so-called prominent citizens commended the Mayor of New York for his patriotic stand in a recent travesty on justice called the Charities Investigation. On the muster rolls of the departing regiments you will not find the names of the signers of the commendatory letter. No wonder! Only the names of the soldiers, true patriots are found on **regimental** muster rolls. I looked for the name of Mrs. Zenas Burns in the commendatory letter. It was not there. She is the wife of a veteran of the Civil War, and the names of her four boys are on the roster of Company B, Sixty-ninth Regiment. "It is their duty, and I suppose they ought to go," was her only comment.

Yes, it is their duty; and the Church that taught them their duty, and sent them off khaki-clad a week ago, is the Church that was attacked by the Charities Committee. The armchair patriots who led the attack, to save the State from Catholic aggression, did not feel uneasy in their comfortable homes, when khaki-clad Catholics followed the Flag to the Mexican border. Of course it is only an incident, but it is worth noting. It shows where true patriotism lies. GERALD C. TREACY, S.J.

### The French Prisoners of War

**A**LTHOUGH, while the war lasts, we cannot expect a full account of the manner of life followed by prisoners detained in German camps, we are better informed on the subject than we were a year ago. As regards the French soldiers in particular, much valuable information may be gleaned from the reports, published in French, by the *Mission Catholique Suisse* of Fribourg. The members of the organization are permitted by the German Government to visit the prison-camps, and their reports are strictly authentic. The Abbé Devaux, their chief delegate, during the year 1915, visited 169 camps or hospitals, all of them at least once, many of them several times. As he was commissioned to distribute the money collected by the Cardinals of Paris and of Lyons, he was brought into touch with the charitable institutions which have been organized in the camps by the prisoners.

From the very outset it became evident that the charitable assistance extended to our prisoners would have to be established on a fair and regular footing. The mere fact of being a prisoner does not change human nature, and as a consequence some prisoners, in the beginning, succeeded in securing an undue share of clothes and money, while others, more timid and scrupulous, got nothing. This evil was happily counteracted by the wise and charitable activity of certain prisoners, who, being wealthier, better-educated, possessed of higher principle and more capable than their comrades, put the distribution of money and provisions on an equitable basis. These efficient leaders were generally priests, seminarians, non-commissioned officers, landed proprietors and engineers, men who had been accustomed to work methodically for the benefit of others. They urged that a fund be regularly established in the camps and a system of mutual assistance that would create a closer link between the prisoners. These associations, founded by the more fortunate on behalf of the more needy, have often enabled the latter to bridge over the anxious time of waiting for assistance from outside. Another advantage of such organizations was the fact that the leaders of the work, being actually on the ground, were better fitted than passing visitors to discriminate between real and fictitious poverty.

At present, societies and associations, with different names but the same object, exist in all the camps. Their resources are slender, but they are eked out by assistance from the *Mission Suisse*. At Lauban, for instance, an association called *La Fraternelle* is supplied by subscriptions made by more fortunate prisoners, by gifts taken from parcels received from home, and by provisions and money sent by the French Red Cross. At Stuttgart, a capable adjutant directs a flourishing *Caisse de Secours*, that is in excellent working order, although supported only by the voluntary contributions of certain generous prisoners. At Lageuzata collections are made in the chapel for the poorest soldiers; at Würzburg the happy recipient of a parcel from home pays from two and one-half to five cents to the charitable fund of the camp. At Niederwehren a group of seminarians started a Conference of St. Vincent de Paul. The *Fraternelle* at Lauban is directed by a committee which meets every first Sunday in the month; its members undertake to discover the neediest soldiers, to examine into their wants, and to report the result of their inquiries at the monthly meeting. At Stuttgart the delegates of the *Caisse de Secours* do the same. In the beginning they had to take care of 200 soldiers who were in absolute want; in course of time, however, some of them were provided with "godmothers," others were enabled to correspond with their families and so to procure help, in which case the committee withdrew its assistance and transferred it to the soldiers who come from provinces held by the Germans and hence are cut off from all hope of aid from relatives. Food and clothing are distributed in preference to money; the money col-

lected at Niederwehren-Capel is expended on bread; at Holzminden clothes are given; at Parchim the *Caisse de Secours* has, since October, 1915, distributed 1,000 shirts, 1,000 caps, 1,000 pieces of underwear and 500 towels. At one of the Münster camps a Committee of Charity, with the help of the Bishop of Lille, who gave about \$100, furnished wine, milk and broth to weak and ailing prisoners. The *Caisse de Secours* at Stuttgart, founded in 1914, had expended by last July over \$750 for articles of clothing, linen and food. This excellently worked fund has been considerably helped by the *Mission Suisse*, which, between March and July, 1915, sent about \$325 and 120 boxes of bread to the Stuttgart Committee. At Ohrdruf the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul, founded in the camp, had, last July, already given away food and clothing to the value of about \$315. At Münster, in Camp III, the more wealthy prisoners have founded an *Association de Prêts Mutuels*, a bank where small sums are lent, without interest, to the poorer prisoners. The latter promise to pay back the money fifteen months after they have recovered their freedom. Again, at Münster, in Camp I, a Conference of St. Vincent de Paul is flourishing; not only do its members give material aid to their needy clients, but, faithful to the spirit of their association, they exercise a useful moral influence, and, when allowed to do so, visit sick soldiers in hospitals, encourage and assist them in a great variety of ways.

These different institutions alleviate the misery of thousands of prisoners, and at the same time stimulate the activity and charity of their promoters, so that we may safely say that these charitable efforts benefit the helpers not less than those whom they assist. The moral weariness of the better-educated soldiers is harder to bear than their material privations. These committees, associations and charitable funds give an outlet to the powers of organization, initiative and business capacity of lawyers, tradesmen, engineers, merchants and landed proprietors, who are condemned by their imprisonment to forced inactivity, which is in itself a heavy trial. The delegates of the *Mission Suisse* fully recognize the businesslike organization of these different institutions, frequently give them monthly allowances, and in cases of pressing need help them tide over temporary difficulties. The beneficiaries themselves derive much profit from the associations, even apart from the fact that their material necessities are wisely and practically relieved, for they are brought to feel the moral influence of men who are willing and anxious to be their friends in every sense of the word. They also learn to appreciate the strength that comes from united and common action, a strength that individual initiative can never possess.

One of the greatest privations suffered by the better-educated prisoners is the lack of reading matter. This need is supplied from without. A learned society, the *Société Bibliographique*, has undertaken to send books to the French prisoners, which, thanks to the good offices of the Swiss and Spanish authorities, are duly delivered. The prisoners' gratitude is warmly expressed: "Your books," says one, "will be valuable companions"; "They will cheer my dismal days," writes another; "Your books help to encourage and cheer us"; again, "Thanks in the name of your happy readers. We should be glad to receive some Saints' Lives." Many officers express a wish to have books that treat of religious subjects, others make use of their enforced leisure to study a particular branch of science.

A soldier-priest once said to me, alluding to the religious revival that has been fanned into flames by the war: "Many of our soldiers at the front will lose their anti-religious prejudices and return to the Church, but it is, I believe, from the prison-camps of Germany, even more than from the front, that we may expect the builders of a new and better France." Events would seem to be bearing out his prediction.

B. DE COURSON.



## COMMUNICATIONS

*Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words*

## Conditions among the Afflicted Syrians

*To the Editor of AMERICA:*

For the instruction of those who are interested in the Eastern peoples, kindly permit me to make the following citation from a letter written in Cairo, Egypt, on March 24, by a Syrian friend, the Rt. Rev. Joseph Darien:

We send you our blessings asking the Almighty to keep you in good health.

It is with deepest regret that we announce to you the latest news from our dear countrymen. There is sorrow in every heart on account of the death of all our nearest relatives and friends. Four bishops have been exiled; three were executed and many priests and well-known people have disappeared. The Patriarch himself was summoned to appear before the "War Tribunal" and has not returned to his people. Mt. Lebanon is blockaded and no food is permitted to be sent to the poor people. Recently we received samples of the food distributed by the Turkish authorities. It was composed of oats, corn and peas mixed with sand. Many people who partook of this stuff were taken ill, ulcers breaking out on their bodies. No fewer than 100,000 persons have died of starvation, and to complete Mt. Lebanon's misery the locusts have devastated that region, destroying the crops for two successive years. The Government has confiscated horses, cows and in fact all domestic animals, either for use in the war or for food.

If any person wishes to leave Mt. Lebanon to seek work or food elsewhere, he must give a bond for a large amount and procure a certificate from an official. This must be renewed every week, and at each renewal a fee is exacted. Should a person go to Beirut for food he is punished by imprisonment. Private papers have been confiscated and every person whose name appeared therein in any connection with France or England, before the war or during it, is sentenced to death or exile.

We have petitioned the Holy Father and the American Ambassador to intercede for our people but as yet we have received no response. Here in Egypt we are doing our best for them and we have written to friends in various countries begging them to send help to the starving Syrians. We hope too that our people in America will take pity on their friends and relatives at home.

Our hand trembles as we write this letter but our faith is in God.

We bless you again and again and implore God to protect you.

This, I believe, is the latest authentic account of the conditions that obtain among the afflicted Syrians.

Buffalo.

J. G.

## Priestly Ministrations in France

*To the Editor of AMERICA:*

As is well known, there is in France a law which provides that no one shall secure the services of a priest without personally stating this desire. If anyone is too ill to send the summons, the patient may die without the ministrations of the Church. In these days of war, the law works with exceptional cruelty. In consequence, a benevolent plan has been evolved which is now giving comfort to thousands of men at the front. A small pamphlet with prayers for Mass and other Catholic prayers has been published, under the name of "Vade Mecum du Soldat." On the inside of the cover are printed in French the following word:

In the name of the liberty of conscience promised by the law of 1903 (Article 1), which reads thus: "The Republic guarantees liberty of conscience," I declare that I belong to the Catholic religion. . . . At the military hospital I desire to be visited by the priest and to receive all his priestly ministrations. In case of accident or grave illness, I demand that the Catholic priest shall be

with me. If I die, I wish the prayers of the Catholic Church and religious burial.

The following words are subjoined in capital letters, "This is my express wish." The soldier then signs his full name, the number of his company, regiment, battalion or garrison. Catholic soldiers leaving for the front accept these leaflets most gratefully. The soldier carries it on his person.

The well-known Catholic Paris newspaper *La Croix* has taken charge of this praiseworthy work, receives contributions of money, and is now sending thousands of these leaflets to the front. A dollar sent to the newspaper office ensures the distribution of one hundred copies. Contributions sent to *La Croix* may be marked the *Département des Saines Lectures pour les Soldats*.

Boston.

J. G. R.

## Is It True?

*To the Editor of AMERICA:*

The author of the essay on "Body and Mind," which appeared in the issue of *AMERICA* for June 24, closed his commentary on modern life by asserting his belief, that some who read his essay will brand it as pessimism. In holding the mirror up to nature he made no attempt, even feeble, to deceive, but invited all to a careful inspection of the image reflected. But how unfortunate that he should have conveyed to weak minds the suggestion that what he had written in such an interesting manner, and with a degree of fidelity to existing conditions, is pessimistic. His mental stature, and his known scholarship, surely qualify him to speak with unquestioned authority on public topics, and we might well hope for a stronger conclusion to a sterling essay, than the one which the author employed. If it be not heresy, that were better whispered than shouted, I cheerfully add my feeble word of approval to all that the doctor wrote in his admirable essay, and express the hope that he may live long to teach to the world much-needed lessons in correct thought and living.

The fact that our interests at the present time are largely material, and are sharply characterized by ultra-emphasis of the sense-element, indicates a condition of intellectual dishonesty, which makes us less than amateurs in the art of living. Thought is not burdensome, but the process has unfortunately become irksome. Educated men are proving this by their lives, and the man who thinks, and speaks the truth as he sees it, gets the solid opposition of the "Amalgamated Societies of Expedients and Pussyfooters." But their assaults are about as efficacious as a fusillade of spit-balls against the side of a battleship. To one not devoid of the sense of humor, it is amusing, and at the same time pitiable, to witness intellectual and physical activity spent in a fruitless endeavor to obscure or destroy truth. Youth despises old age; and age, evident and marked, tries to counterfeit youth. Culture is old-fashioned and somewhat of an impediment, because it operates against the doctrine of "the main chance." Refinement is enfeebling, because it emphasizes the superiority of the mind over the body; courtesy is superfluous, for the reason that we cannot be successful "Buccaneers," and practise consideration for others.

In times when the value of illustrations and pictures, as potent aids to the attention, is recognized and extensively employed, we cannot mistake the popularity of sense-perception as a means to an end. If we no longer love thought for itself or its results, does the fault of our intellectual defects and intellectual dishonesty lie in our distaste of the process, or in the inferior quality of the media which we employ to simulate a habit, of which too many of us are never consciously guilty?

Dorchester, Mass.

J. D. RUSSELL.

# A M E R I C A

## A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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### "Superstition-Ridden Barracks"

IN addition to the *Masses* and a few similar publications, New York also harbors a somewhat pretentious weekly, the *New Republic*, a very Autolycus of magazines. The noblest feature of this publication is its beautiful format. The sober presentation of accurate thinking does not enter within its province; its "views," for the most part, are juvenile, half-baked, and frightfully unoriginal. Witness the following stately paragraph, an echo caught from the mouthings of a paid slanderer, afraid to sign his name:

The Roman Catholic Church, if it has any sense of its own prestige or any knowledge of the temper of the American people, will not make itself the defender of the ill-ventilated, lousy, and superstition-ridden barracks in which so many helpless children are denied a child's happiness. If it regards an attack upon lice, malnutrition, foul air, exploitation, and black ignorance as an attack upon religion, then it is in all literal truth blaspheming God.

Edited by mere Papists, AMERICA cannot hope to rival the *New Republic* in refinement of thought, felicity of epithet, charm of style, or studious regard for the truth. Comment, therefore, will not be attempted, save to point out the significance of the single adjective, "superstition-ridden." AMERICA thanks the *New Republic* for the word. It reveals perfectly the motives which prompted the recent shameless attacks upon the Catholic institutions of New York.

### Father Damien's Latest Champion

IN a series of excellent papers on Hawaii, which Mrs. Katherine Fullerton Gerould is contributing to *Scribner's Magazine*, there occurs an article about the leper settlement on the Island of Molokai, where Father Damien, whom Stevenson's famous "Open Letter" made known to the literary world, gave his life for his flock. The homage that Mrs. Gerould, who is not

a Catholic, pays that heroic priest is an admirable refutation of a slander that was published some three months ago, when a writer in the *Scientific American* charged Father Damien with purposely contracting leprosy, because he had an overweening ambition to become a martyr. The calumny was run to earth in an article that appeared in the *Catholic Mind* for May 22, but Mrs. Gerould's paper, which attacks Stevenson for leaving a stain on Damien's character, is a thorough rehabilitation of the priest and a eulogy of the work the Church is doing for the lepers of Kalaupapa. She writes:

In Honolulu, where the truth always co-existed with gossip, Damien has his rights. His name is no household word, but at least he is not, I fancy, scandalously thought of. But for a wider circle, Stevenson and the unfortunate Doctor Hyde, between them, have managed to malign Father Damien almost beyond redress. Most of us know about Damien solely from that unhappy controversy. It cannot be too firmly or too often reiterated that Damien suffered an un-mystical and truly glorious martyrdom without breaking one of his priestly vows. Dirty he was, apparently, as Stevenson says repeatedly in his magnificent polemic. Certainly he did not carry a bottle of lysol in his pocket; if he had, he would doubtless never have been, in the technical sense, a martyr. He worked incessantly for the health of the Settlement: for pure water, for clean houses, for sanitation, as any one not an expert could have understood it in the '70's and '80's. Damien, remember, was the first member of any religious body to concern himself with the purgatory—for no one pretends that Kalaupapa was a paradise then. And because there was no toil that he disdained, he worked with the lepers to build them houses, running the constant risk—a risk that in some unknown, unrecognized moment fulfilled itself fatally—of inoculation. The "torn and bleeding fingers" of the carpenter-priest encountered, over tools and timbers, the stumps and sores of his flock; and for Damien it can always have been only a question of time—only a question of time before that memorable day when, after a difficult exploration of the cañon of the great cliff (in search of pure water-supply for the Settlement), he drew his shoes off his tired feet, found one heel bleeding and lacerated, and felt no pain.

No one with taste can regret Stevenson's "Open Letter"; it is one of the finest polemics we have. But it is a pity that Stevenson's hero should have been also his victim, and ironic that Stevenson, in the end, should have seemed to agree (for I think most people read it that way) with Doctor Hyde and "the man in the Apia bar-room." Stevenson makes us all feel with him, for the moment, that even if the scandal is true it does not matter; but from the moment that the scandal is not true it does matter immensely. There is all the difference in the world between a good man and a saint; between excusable human frailty and superhuman self-control. The leashes are off, the bars are down, then, for our enthusiasm, and Damien's very grave, hushed and shaded and small, beside his Kalawaco church, becomes a different thing.

To the Sisters, too, Stevenson's is but a squinting tribute. Catholicism was never dear to him: whenever he comes face to face with Rome, whether it is François Villon writing the "Ballade pour sa Mère" or the Franciscan Sisters disembarking at Kalaupapa, his admiration halts, his mouth is wry. He thinks them saintly poor-creatures; he boggles over the pass-book kept with heaven. To him who does not love, it is seldom given wholly to see. I do not question the authenticity of the "ticket-office to heaven." It sounds like many a mild convent joke that I have heard



from the lips of nuns. The most devout nun will talk with familiarity and gayety of the things that are most important to her; homely metaphors are on her lips for the most reverend facts. Religion is her business, and all her practical business, for her, is religion. The Pauline or the Miltonic mind may not find the Catholic practicality alluring, but the Catholic practicality is not for that any the less Christian. Of Mother Maryanne, Stevenson had nothing but good, in a little poem, to say. I love R. L. S. as much as one can love any man for style alone, and I am not tempted to quarrel with his "horror of moral beauty" that broods over Kalaupapa, or even "the population—gorgons and chimeras dire." But things have changed greatly since '89 and the days of the monarchy. In point of fact, at the present day, the moral beauty is without horror.

Mrs. Gerould then describes the unwearied devotion with which Brother Joseph Dutton, the Civil War veteran, serves his afflicted charges; writes a beautiful paragraph about Mother Maryanne and the Sisters; remarks that "there is a Catholic Red Cross Society in Kalaupapa," but the "Calvinistic and Mormon pastors 'were not interested,'" and ends with the fervent aspiration: "It is cause for thanking God that the Settlement is managed by men who can make science and religion walk hand in hand."

### Modern Justice

APPARENTLY it is out of date to look upon crime as anything but a disease easily remedied. The curative process is simple: appeals to honor are part of it, so too are games and entertainments and lectures. After the cure comes release from the sanatorium with consequent mischief to innocent tax-payers.

Sometimes, however, the mischief is done in the sanatorium itself. This of course is not the fault of the sick man nor of his "nurses." The stupid law is to blame. For despite the efforts of the doctors of sociology, some laws remain so perverse that they act as irritants on the patients. As a consequence, they rebel. Oreste Shillitani rebelled last week, in Sing Sing. He was once so sick that he murdered a man, and the stupid law put him in the "death house" to await the hour of retribution. While there, the patient grew steadily worse, until, in a paroxysm of moral agony, he murdered one of his defenseless nurses. Forthwith his illness took a new and convenient turn, and he fled wildly through the country. He was caught, and no sooner was he returned to the sanatorium than his illness entered upon another and most opportune phase. He became a maniac, and were it not for a cruel Governor who refused him a respite, might have lived to become an honored citizen. For sickness is a shifty thing.

But his keeper is dead, and a penniless widow and three helpless children mourn him. But what of that? Probably that is disease too; in time modern sociology will remedy it; there will be no crime, no widows, no orphans; only disease and progressive sociologists to cure it. But the latter evil will be worse than the former.

### Our Misleading Language

"WHY is that book called a Breviary, Father," asked the inquisitive parishioner, "if you cannot finish it without reading the Divine Office for an hour every day throughout the year?" For a minute the priest was non-plused, but, fortunately remembering what the seminary professor once said, answered brightly: "The Breviary is so named, of course, because its contents are made up of *brief* selections from Holy Writ, *brief* lives of the Saints and *brief* sermons from the Fathers." But *Breviary* is but one of countless *lucus a non lucendo* words in our language. The noun *politician*, for example, would seem from its derivation to mean a man with a fixed, consistent policy, but no one alters his opinions and line of conduct more easily than our politicians. A person's *worth*, too, would naturally suggest the possession of sterling virtues, but the word now commonly means the quantity of earth and metal a man has succeeded in accumulating; while *temperance* is a term that prohibitionists have, by their words and deeds, quite robbed of its original meaning.

A movement should be started to restore to such words their ancient honor and to give a thousand other terms, which are now used vaguely and thoughtlessly, their real significance. *Uplift*, *service*, and *investigation*, for example, are words sadly in need of being clearly defined, and such expressions as the "peaceful penetration" of a country, the "taking over" of ecclesiastical property, the "strategic retreat" of an army, and the "masterly inactivity" of a statesman signify to "those who know," something quite different from that which the unsophisticated understand by the phrases. In the childhood of the world words were used, as a rule, to express thoughts clearly: nowadays many a high-sounding epithet or substantive often means the least to those who use them most. Their words instead of throwing light, only darken counsel.

### Marriage by Proxy

NEW JERSEY, with a zeal for the law altogether worthy of one of the original Thirteen Colonies, is just now in a flurry of excitement over a matrimonial tangle. The perplexity was occasioned by the announcement of an engagement of marriage, made just as the happy man, a soldier, was forced by an unkind fate to set out for the border with his regiment. Immediately there arose a question about the validity of marriage by proxy. The judicial mind of New Jersey is vexed with anxiety both to settle the problem and to be forearmed with knowledge that will meet embarrassing demands. Hence City Clerks are cudgeling brains and ransacking statutes to find out what the law permits. Up to the present, however, the officials are rather ruthless and are warning prospective husbands and brides that marriage by proxy seems to be impossible in their State.

The Church is not so severe. She has always admitted that such marriages, if proper conditions are fulfilled, are valid. Her records have many instances of these nuptials. Recognizing that marriage is a contract, that the essentials of the contract are fulfilled when the man and the woman manifest consent to take each other for man and wife, and that such consent may be manifested through a representative no less certainly than by verbal or other legitimate expression made personally in the actual presence of the other contracting person, the Church has always held that marriage by proxy is a valid and, in certain cases, a licit way of contracting matrimony. Witness the Council of Trent and the recent matrimonial legislation of Pius X.

Of course the prescriptions of the natural and the positive law must be complied with, especially the *Ne Temere*; and in each particular case, the explicit permission of the Ordinary must be obtained, but all these things supposed, there is no reason why a true, internal and personal consent cannot be secured by proxy; hence there is no reason why marriage by proxy is impossible. Naturally such a manner of contracting marriage would be permitted only under exceptional circumstances and for grave reasons; but it is by no means out of the question, as seems to be the opinion in New Jersey, under stress, no doubt, of recent marriage laws.

It is true that the instances recorded in history have taken place mainly among royal persons, the classic example being that of Maximilian of Austria and Mary of Burgundy; but the puzzled City Clerks and Surrogates need not go back so far for an example, nor even to the Catholic Church, although if the Church permits anything in the matter of wedlock, the rest of the world can take courage. Less than two years ago one of New Jersey's sister States recognized the legality of a marriage contracted in the United States between an American girl and her fiancé, the latter being at the time in the East Indies. Here surely was a marriage by proxy of a very pronounced type.

### The Gag Rule in Chicago

**I**T is a principle with thugs, petty politicians and tyrants, that the minority has no rights which the majority is bound to respect. This principle received an approbation last week which has never been paralleled since the days of the infamous carpet-bag domination in the South, when the Chicago Board of Education, headed by Jacob M. Loeb, summarily discharged sixty-eight teachers and superintendents. In but eighteen cases were these discharged teachers ranked as "inefficient"; forty-three had records ranging from "good" to "superior"; for seven, no record was given. How it was possible to drop forty-three teachers who had given satisfactory service is outlined in the *Chicago Tribune* for June 28. The account is worthy of record.

School trustees were startled at the list presented to the board by President Jacob M. Loeb. Few persons had seen the list. Just what trustees had, is not known. . . . When the secretary read the list, the trustees not "on the inside" tried vainly to write them down. . . . As soon as the secretary finished reading the list, Max Loeb moved a two weeks' postponement. Dr. Clemensen then came into the room, a few minutes late.

"May I ask," he said, "why this list was not presented to the members of the Board?"

"That's good logic," broke in Michael J. Collins.

"I am not going to be left absolutely in the dark on this," went on Dr. Clemensen. . . . "I should think that we ought to have a sight of that list."

"Who made out that list?" asked Harris W. Huehl.

"I made it out," said President Loeb.

"I know nothing of this list," interrupted Ralph C. Otis. "I don't think any person has any right to dictate who shall be dropped from our school system. There may be frightful injustice. . . ."

"Did you have suggestions from the superintendent of the schools?" asked Mr. Collins.

"I had no suggestions from the superintendent," replied Mr. Loeb.

"I believe the superintendent is selected to make such recommendations," said Mr. Huehl. "I am not willing to take the recommendation of a member who I think knows less about this matter. . . ."

"I did not have time to write down the names as they were read, I was startled so by some of them," said Mrs. John MacMahon. "There are teachers who have been marked superior for years. The question is whether or not we shall let the President select our teachers."

By steam-roller methods the Chicago Board of Education then proceeded to answer Mrs. MacMahon's question in the affirmative, as teacher after teacher, regardless of record, was dropped by a bare partisan majority vote.

Let us hear no more of Star-Chamber methods, of the Committee of Seven, of the tyranny of doges or of the tortuous methods of the Spanish Inquisition. All have been outdone by the Chicago School Board. Is this the new Americanism of which our reformers and our "advanced" journals have been boasting?

### LITERATURE

#### Guiding the Stream

**T**RUTH and virtue triumph by their own inherent beauty and power. Error and vice, on the contrary, never win their victories solely on account of the elements of evil and decay which they hold, but rather because of the factors for good which they unconsciously retain, and which in the eyes of the multitude frequently offset their destructive and immoral tendencies. If Lutheranism has made any conquests, it owes them in no small measure to the forceful character and personality of its protagonist and champion, the apostate monk of Wittenberg. When we try to gauge the startling influence which he has exercised on his own country and on the world at large, it is impossible to apply to him his own theory of human nature and maintain that his character was entirely depraved and corrupt.

Two studies of Luther are before us, one, a monograph by Professor Heinrich Böhrer, of the University of Marburg, (*Luther in Light of Recent Research*: New York, The Christian



Herald) the other, the fifth volume of the "Martin Luther" of Father Hartmann Grisar, S.J. (St. Louis, Herder). The Jesuit and the Lutheran professor readily agree that the standard-bearer of the Reformation had eminent qualities to which he owed much of his success. He was fiery of temperament, iron-willed of purpose, irresistible in his march towards any given end. He was frank and outspoken, often brutally so, and when his cause was at stake, could be self-sacrificing and disinterested. His nature ever held in reserve vast, almost inexhaustible stores of energy and power. In everything he did he worked with his whole heart and soul. In his virtues and defects, he was, as he himself expressed it, German to the core. With rare exceptions, the national character has not produced a more complete representative. He had a tinge of that idealism and mysticism so often found in his countrymen. Fierce to almost demonic fury towards his enemies, he was tender-hearted towards those whom he loved, and the ardent controversialist and agitator who plunged Germany into war, could shelter a drooping violet from the north wind or romp in sport with his children. Few men knew better how to reach the popular ear and heart, or wield with more force, that which is an irresistible weapon when deftly used, the strength and power of the native tongue. Father Grisar recognizes the "unquestionable excellence" of Luther's translation of the Bible from the standpoint of the language. He as readily pays homage to the melody and strength of his hymns. A mere glance at these two studies of Luther will convince the reader that the Jesuit historian has followed a more modern and more critical method than the Marburg professor. The Marburg historian does not give his readers the opportunity of verifying his statements. With very few exceptions, he has not charted his pages with the lights and buoys of reference, authority and citation. We are left to our own unaided effort to trace the tangled maze of statement and fact. Not so Father Grisar. Every statement almost is backed by some extract from the Reformer's writings or by some reference to standard authorities. Luther is made to tell his own story, to unmask his doubts, his terrors, and those compunctious visitings of a disturbed conscience which seem at one time at least, to have made his life a torture. Luther's soul is laid bare to the reader. It is at times a dismal and terrifying revelation. As a psychological study of the Reformer, this fifth volume of Father Grisar's work is invaluable. The criticism is searching, the exposition orderly and clear, the judgment balanced and given without passion or exaggeration. The writer everywhere avoids the harsh language of Denifle, though as thorough and even more methodical than the learned Dominican in sifting evidence. Father Grisar stands by his documents. In the case of mere conjectures and surmises, as for instance the supposed immorality of Luther before his marriage with Catherine Bora, he faithfully follows here the standard set down in the second volume (pp. 188-189) where he studied that question. He admits no evidence against the Reformer which would not be received as proof in a court of law. Professor Böhmer, though a serious historian, does not seem to have set himself such a severe standard. His treatment of the disgraceful story of the bigamy of the Landgrave of Hesse leaves something to be desired both in regard to accuracy of statement and the correctness of the inferences which he draws. The permission granted to the immoral princeling to marry Margaret von der Saale, while the Landgravine was still alive, and the pitfall of mendacity and deception into which it led the Reformer, is one of the foulest blots on his doctrine and his name.

After reading the life of this extraordinary man, the reader will naturally ask: How is it that Luther has so profoundly influenced the history of the world? He was not an original thinker. He has nowhere given us a complete, methodical and reasoned synthesis of doctrine. He is inconsistent, illogical;

he is not afraid to contradict today the statements of yesterday. His teaching that human nature is entirely depraved by original sin, and consequently that man sins in everything he does, even in the act of justification, destroys the freedom of the will, and leads to recklessness, atheism, despair. The great body of doctrine taught by him, which makes God the author of sin, which affirms that His precepts are an intolerable burden, thus opening up spacious avenues to crime, which declares that Faith alone is necessary and sufficient for salvation, is so unnatural and opposed to the teaching of Christ and the natural law, that it seems incredible that Christians could ever have believed it. His cardinal principle of the supremacy of the individual's private judgment, leads to the contempt of all authority, human and divine. The coarseness of his life, the obscenity of his "Table-Talk," the unutterable filth of his caricatures against the Papacy the one institution which he hated most in life and which he constantly battled to destroy, his titanic pride, his unrestrained temper, his lack of personal dignity, little became one who was to reform the Church and the age. Yet he is a world-power. What is his secret?

The sixteenth century was ripe for a reformer. A reformation was undoubtedly necessary, not in the doctrines or the Faith of the Church, but in morals. A pretext may have been found for the great religious upheaval, in the rivalries of religious Orders, and the occasional abuse of indulgences. But the movement could with far stronger reason be attributed to the general corruption of morals, the striking character of some of the leaders of the revolt, and the appeal they made to the unruly passions of princes and people. And the way had been unfortunately too well prepared for the destructive march of the cohorts of error who were to follow the standard and the battle-cry of the "monk of Wittenberg." As far back as the fourteenth century, worldliness had crept into the sanctuary. The people at first estranged from pastors whose wealth and lax morals shocked them, soon imitated them and then disregarded their lessons and warnings. Popes, Councils, holy men tried to stem the tide. But it was gathering momentum. Even the Papacy, though never failing in its essential duty of guardian of the Faith and morality, through the removal of the Popes to Avignon and the disorders of the Great Schism of the West, had lost something of its former prestige. Spiritual allegiance was not entirely destroyed, but weakened. A false idea of nationalization crept in. States chafed in their spiritual subjection to Rome, and gradually endeavored to make the Church their tool. The movement culminated in the Renaissance. This revival of ancient learning, the Church welcomed. For she is the Mother of letters and art. But the movement was paganized, and in art and literature alike the boldest Renaissance leaders brought back to Christendom the ideals of the most decadent days of Greece and Rome. Sound scholastic studies and vigorous mental training were neglected. Where the noble mind of the Angelic Doctor had formerly guided in the search of natural and revealed truth, the unsound Occam ruled.

It was the destiny of the monk of Wittenberg to crystallize in himself all these elements of spiritual, moral, national, social, political and esthetic revolt. They were seething around him. He did not create them. He bent them to his own purpose, his own passions, his indomitable will. The torrent had been let loose. He canalized its waters and with unearthly wizardry hurried them over the land. He found willing helpers in princes anxious to lay their hands on the rich patrimony of the Church, in priests no longer men enough to bear their self-imposed yoke of chastity. He found means for the spread of his principles in his protest against the authority of the Church, in his apotheosis of the judgment of the individual as the final interpreter of revealed truth, in his doctrine of justification by faith alone, in his appeal to national animosities by his denunciation of Rome and the Papacy, which he lampooned with an

indecent and ribaldry which have never been surpassed, in his rebellion against the very spirit of the Gospel which he pretended to wrest from the corruptions of Popery. Professor Böhmer would have us look upon such a man as a "hero of civilization." Father Grisar's studies will correct such a verdict. The true hero of civilization, ennobled in his own life by personal virtues which Luther seldom manifested, never stoops to the coarse methods and passions which he so unscrupulously used.

JOHN C. REVILLE, S.J.

## REVIEWS

**The Flight of the Earls.** By TADHG O CIANAIN. Edited from the Author's Manuscript. With Translation and Notes. By REV. PAUL WALSH, M.A. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, Ltd. 3s. 6d.

The Record Society of Maynooth has done a meritorious work in giving to the world the very words of the diary written by Tadhg (Thaig) O Cianain during the journey of Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, O'Donnell, Earl of Tyrconnel, and Maguire of Fermanagh, with relations and retainers, to the number of ninety-five in all, from Ireland to Rome. They had fought stoutly against the rule of England and caused many an agonizing moment to Elizabeth in her declining years. But with ranks thinned by battles, with people reduced to starvation by the ravages of English soldiers, and with strife and treachery fomented by the British Government, the chieftains were forced to make their submission while the Queen lay on her gloomy death-bed, and actually signed terms of agreement after she had breathed her last. Rumors of plots on either side were rife. O'Neill and O'Donnell felt that their lives were not safe, that their possessions were coveted by greedy partisans of James, English and Scottish, and that there was no security for the practice of their religion. With a view of enlisting the sympathy and aid of the King of Spain and the Pope to their cause, they secretly set sail from Lough Swilly. A storm forced them to land in France. The opposition of the English Ambassador induced the French Government to send them to Flanders which was Spanish territory. The new King of Spain had not the same interest in Ireland or in the Catholic Faith that was manifested by Philip II. Though well treated in Flanders, the exiles plainly felt that if they wished to achieve any success they must reach the King of Spain through Rome. So from the Low Countries they rode through much of the present scene of combat, made their way into Germany, through Switzerland, Lombardy, down the shore of the Adriatic as far as Loretto, and then across the Peninsula to Rome. The author, like a good historiographer, eliminates himself and fixes his eye on the persons and doings of his chiefs, not forgetting to cast a glance at his surroundings. The churches, the mountains and the bad roads attract him most. His dislike of heretics and his admiration for Swiss love of liberty is pronounced. His narrative of facts is simple, refined, not unlike Xenophon's. Persons and scenes evoke a multiplicity of energetic, nervous adjectives, each one a stroke to complete a picture. The Four Masters belong to his school, though without allowing themselves the same latitude in their record of facts. The work seems incomplete. Perhaps more may be discovered later.

P. J. D.

**The Mechanism of English Style.** By LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH. New York: Oxford University Press. \$1.00.

**The Elements of Style.** By DAVID WATSON RANNIE. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co. \$1.50.

However varied the definitions of style may be, the methods of studying it fall into two very decided groups. Imitation, in the broad sense, is the primary end of the one; appreciation, of the other. Though both schools dissect and analyze the

writings of our best authors, the former do so that the student may obtain a command of the resources of style; the latter "with the aim not of learning to do something, but with the aim of learning to know something." Mr. Smith in the "Mechanism of English Style" is frankly in favor of the constructive method. He does not enter into the subtleties of the subject, but is content with stating a few broad principles that are found in all good writing. The keynote of his system is contained in a set of questions which he wishes to be applied to the selections, stylistically various, which form the greater part of his book. His insistence on few rules and much repetition is sound pedagogically and should prove helpful and inspiring.

Mr. Rannie, on the contrary, in "The Elements of Style" is decidedly of the philosophical school. "The real importance of the study of style," he says, "is not practical but scientific." He applies the test-tube and the dissecting-knife to the subject. Style is synonymous with expression, which he defines as "the translation of thought into language." The whole of expression, however, cannot be analyzed; there is an "informing mystery" in it, which can only be indicated by the word "individuality." Still there are many processes of expression, capable of being learned, and with these the book has to deal. After discussing the difference between expression in prose and poetry, a difference which, the author to the contrary notwithstanding, certainly consists in more than the absence or presence of meter, he studies the "fitness" of style as applied to the chief forms of literary composition, and its relation to words, sentences and paragraphs. Under the head of "Fashion" he makes a close analysis of that which is timeless in literature and that which is merely temporary. The last chapter is devoted to the question of the individuality, which is a part of the writer, and which the reader feels but cannot explain. The book is logical and well-arranged.

F. X. T.

**Modern Germany in Relation to the Great War.** By VARIOUS GERMAN WRITERS. New York: Mitchell Kennerly. \$2.00.

This book is a collection of essays which were published in Germany in 1915. The writers, with one exception, are professors in German and Austrian universities, many of them having served the Empire in different capacities. The one exception is a government officer, who founded the system of State functioning, which he explains in the course of his essay. The book's purpose is to reveal the historical, cultural, and social foundations of modern Germany, to visualize the mind of Germany at work. The writers tell us the things Germany is doing in the fields of science, industry, and State functions. It is an explanation of all that is implied in German *Kultur*. The true significance of *Kultur*, in relation to the civilization and progress of other peoples, and in its meaning to the Teuton, forms a separate chapter. The leaders of German thought reached the conclusion that Germany owed it to herself, to place her aims before the world; "Modern Germany in Relation to the Great War" is the expression of this conclusion. The book's value lies not so much in the official papers that are cited, but rather in the fact that its pages reveal the view taken by German philosophers of Germany in relation to the world of today. While the chief purpose of the volume is to interpret Germany, it also strives to interpret Germany's Allies, and particularly Austria, to the world and to America especially.

G. C. T.

**My Lady's Dress.** By EDWARD KNOBLAUCH; **The Apostle.** By PAUL HYACINTHE LOYSON; **A False Saint.** By FRANÇOIS DE CUREL; **The Mothers.** By GEORGE HIRSCHFELD. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$0.75 each.

This "Drama League Series of Plays" is intended to be a collection of the best obtainable works of modern dramatists, both in this country and abroad, the four dramas mentioned



above representing types from the English, French and German stage. As "My Lady's Dress" has little, if any, of that vital element, will-conflict, which above all is the essence of drama, the committee doubtless intended that the play should serve mainly as a specimen of interesting experimentation in the realm of the novel and unconventional. The opening scene centers around a lady's elaborate gown which seems destined to have a particular effect upon the relations of a husband and wife and may even exert a deciding influence over their future fortunes. The author then employs the somewhat hackneyed mechanism of the "dream-play," and embarks upon his main theme, which is concerned with the materials and making of the dress, but little dramatic unity of any kind is observed. It is not surprising that the author of "Marie-Odile" should make the major tragedies sexual, and the general trend of the dialogue and the innuendos in the dressmaker's shop are toward the salacious.

"The Apostle" approaches nearer to true dramatic standards, having as its central theme a conflict of souls and ideas, not merely bodies. The author depicts the cruel injustice done a child who is brought up with neither religion nor morality based upon religion, and draws a powerful indictment of the so-called "lay morality" that has wrought such havoc in France. The hero is Baudouin, a Senator of the Republic, a freethinking atheist who is devoting his life, honor and fortune to the "sacred cause" of republican morality! Then Nemesis lets loose the whirlwind he himself had sown, for his profligate son Octave, a Deputy, upon whom his affections had been lavished and in whom Baudouin hoped to see the finest flower of lay morality, is discovered to be the secret traitor upon whose head the party of his father is calling vengeance. The moral is driven home with power, though Professor Baker of Harvard attempts to water it down in his introduction.

"A False Saint" is proposed as a study in psychology. According to this dramatist, the convent is the proper place for disappointed lovers, hence he sends Julie Renaudin to the *Sacré Cœur* in an outburst of despair over the defection of her lover, Henri Laval. For eighteen years she wears the externals of a saint, but only as the disguise of an embittered, spiteful woman.

"The Mothers" presents another of the memorable "psychological" dramas of our time. Stage psychology nowadays consists mainly in sentimental mouthings in justification of free love, "soul mates" and easy divorce. This play runs true to form.

These plays, with the possible exception of "The Apostle," will not go far to restore the fast-waning confidence once felt for the Drama League by many who welcomed its advent, and who still sympathize with any attempt to restore true dramatic ideals to the American stage. If the committee can find no worthier plays than these for their collection, they might re-edit Shakespeare.

E. A. W.

**Thinking as a Science.** By HENRY HAZLITT. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.00

The title of this book must not be taken as an index of its character. The volume is not a scientific treatise on logic or psychology; the author does not even allow himself time to explain to his readers just what they are to include under the caption "Thinking." And even when he identifies thinking with reasoning, we cannot be sure that we have caught his full meaning, simply because he leaves us in doubt about the nature of reasoning. Some of the chapters, however, contain many helpful, practical suggestions. This is especially true of the chapters dealing with "Concentration" and "Thinking and Reading." But besides containing much that is commonplace, the book is irreparably marred by the assumption of unsound philosophic doctrines. Evolution is supposed throughout. On page 15 we find a ridiculous description of a frog, which, by means of

serious thinking and mature deliberation, extricates itself from an awkward situation. And incidentally, the astonishing feat of this frog reminds us that all thinking owes its origin and evolution to adversity and to thwarted purposes. Unqualified nominalism is maintained. Darwin, Spencer, Mill, Schopenhauer, Dewey and William James appear to be the writer's favorite authors, and, quite needless to say, these are the guides recommended to unsuspecting readers.

D. J. C.

**The Latchstring.** By WALTER EMERSON. \$2.00; **Canoeing in the Wilderness.** By HENRY D. THOREAU. Edited by CLIFTON JOHNSON. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. \$1.00.

The chief attraction for Thoreau, when he first visited Maine in 1846, was "the primitiveness and the virgin woodland of the region." Since his pioneer tour, Maine has blossomed into one of the recreation States of the country. Annually over 400,000 visitors summer there, while the income from these transitory residents forms the greatest revenue producer of the State, which realizes almost \$25,000,000 yearly. Though widely differing in viewpoint and purpose, these two books agree in one thing: that Maine as a vacation land is unsurpassed.

Thoreau visited Maine with the eyes of a poet and a naturalist. The journal of his canoe trip, first published under the title of "The Maine Woods," has the graceful musings and fancies of an idyl. He shows an intimate familiarity with woodland life, a poetic insight into nature, and a painstaking power of observation. But this attention to detail often betrays him into useless digressions and narrations. In editing the latter half of "The Maine Woods," Mr. Johnson has eliminated many such minutiae and has left it a better book. Mr. Emerson, on the contrary, has written a blustering sort of a book, replete with American boastfulness. It is none the less acceptable because it has the tone of an advertiser and promoter. When he lifts the "Latchstring" his enthusiasm compels all who have "visited or intend to visit," or would like to visit Maine, to follow him through her beauty-spots. He paints in glowing terms the grandeur of her nature and her possibilities for all manner of sports, in winter or summer. Besides this, Maine has great natural resources, and his appeal is also to the native to reap the harvest. Both books, written half-a-century apart, emphasize the fact that Maine is still as much in her pioneer days as are some of our Western States.

F. X. T.

#### BOOKS AND AUTHORS

"Meagher of the Sword" (Herder, \$1.10) will recall to Irishmen and Americans alike the memory of a sincere patriot, a dashing soldier and impassioned orator. In the stirring days of '48, Meagher was the official tribune of the Irish nation. Mr. Arthur Griffith has collected into a volume of 350 pages the speeches delivered by the orator in Ireland from 1846 to 1848, and added his narrative of events and his personal memoirs. The eloquence of Meagher is imaginative, impassioned, picturesque. At a time when Ireland is drawing to herself the eyes and the sympathy of the world, editor and publishers have been well inspired in thus presenting to the public the writings of one of her most gallant sons.

"Are Catholics Intolerant?" asks Father Peter Finlay in the current *Catholic Mind*. "Yes," is the answer, "for the Church being the Divinely appointed guardian of the Christian Revelation cannot but combat error." The author fully explains the meaning of the principle: "Outside the Church there is no salvation," and reminds the reader how much easier it is for a Catholic to gain heaven than for anyone else. The number concludes with "Hemolysis and Man's

Descent," a convincing paper on evolution by Father Tierney. The America Press has also published a five-cent pamphlet by the Rev. Henry C. Semple, S.J., entitled "Perfect Contrition Easy." He shows the wonderful efficacy of the act and tells the Faithful how to make it. The pamphlet is a good one for the vestibule bookrack. "A Campaign of Calumny" (postpaid, \$0.10), AMERICA's booklet on the New York Charities Investigation, is attracting wide attention. A mere glance at the numerous photographs in the publication proves how baseless are the charges made against the Catholic child-caring institutions.

Among recent books bearing on the European war, Preparedness, etc., is Walter Wellman's "The German Republic" (Dutton, \$1.00), which is a pacifist's idle prophecy of what is to happen to the German Empire. After an affecting farewell Kaiser William sadly leaves Berlin to become Prince of Heligoland—"The Martyr's Return" (Bartlet Pub. Co., Wantagh, N. Y., \$1.00), by Percival W. Wells, consists of dialogues that General Hazard, a Civil War veteran, has with the shade of Lincoln. The General, who does most of the talking, thinks this country is going straight to the dogs, and strongly urges preparedness of every description. The President is more optimistic and believes there is hope for us still.—"Louise and Barnavaux" (Lane, \$1.25), by Pierre Mille, which Bérangère Drillien has translated from the French, had best been left in that language, for if the scandalous adventures described are those of the typical French soldier, the book is not calculated to win him American admirers. Helen McKie's colored pictures are good.

In "A Living from Eggs and Poultry" (Orange Judd Co., New York, \$0.75) Herbert W. Brown tells how he left the city for the country, regained his health, and made a neat income by raising chickens. He tells all his mistakes and how he profited by them, gives descriptions of everything connected with a successful henry, and offers good advice about the way to keep fowls happy and productive. Both the professional and the amateur poultry-farmer ought to find in this book much that is helpful. Illustrations abound.—Luigi Cornaro was a fifteenth-century Venetian who at forty found his health gone owing to the dissipated life he had led. Full of repentance he then began to diet himself rigorously and the new regimen made him so robust that he attained his one hundredth year. In "Discorsi della Vita Sobria" he told his countrymen how it all happened, and a new edition of the English translation has recently been published, entitled "Discourses on the Sober Life" (Crowell, \$0.25).

The fifteen chapters which make up "How to Know Your Child" (Little, Brown, \$1.25), by Miriam Finn Scott, bear the stamp of experience, prudence and good sense. The author has more than the usual knowledge of child-character. In certain byways of what is sometimes a *terra incognita* to many teachers, she is a safe and instructive guide. Mothers will find valuable hints as to the best means to be used in developing the finer traits of their little ones, and in checking the first seeds of evil habits. But the writer has forgotten that a great model is needed for childhood. The lessons from the life of the Divine Child of Nazareth have not been brought out. The omission makes a void in what is otherwise a useful and practical book.

Mr. Eden Philpotts in "The Human Boy and the War" (Macmillan, \$1.25) has collected a number of sketches of the English boy. All of them are tinged with the war thoughts that pulse through the school, and show how completely the great conflict

is dominating every phase of British life. As was to be expected from Mr. Philpotts, the characters are well drawn and have the ring of truth; but the volume is not very ambitious, and it is to be doubted if the English boy, as painted by the author, will strongly appeal to American readers.—In "The Cruise of the Jasper B." (Appleton, \$1.30) Don Marquis, the New York *Evening Sun's* "columnist," has written a highly fantastic story about a humdrum reporter who suddenly inherits a fortune and thus has an opportunity to gratify to the full his thirst for adventure and romance. The book is hardly funny enough to be amusing, yet does not pretend to be a serious attempt at a novel.

In the introduction to Theodore Maynard's "Laughs and Whiffs of Song" Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton observes that "the finest poetry as such is to be found in the images and even in the very title of 'The World's Miser.'" The poem runs thus:

A miser with an eager face  
Sees that each roseleaf is in place.  
He keeps beneath strong bolts and bars  
The piercing beauty of the stars.  
The colors of the dying day  
He hoards as treasure—well He may!—  
And saves with care (lest they be lost)  
The dainty diagrams of frost.  
He counts the hairs of every head,  
And grieves to see a sparrow dead.  
Among the yellow primroses  
He holds His summer palaces,  
And sets the grass about them all  
To guard them as His spearmen small.  
He fixes on each wayside stone  
A mark to shew it as His Own,  
And knows when raindrops fall through air  
Whether each single one be there,  
That gathered into ponds and brooks  
They may become His picture books,  
To shew in every spot and place  
The living glory of His face.

In the *Notre Dame Quarterly* for June is an anonymous poem entitled "Mystery," written in memory of a sixteen-year-old Jesuit novice who died at the end of the "long retreat" after a few days' illness. The following lines describe how he is received in heaven by his fellow-Jesuits:

We joy to think how they have welcomed you  
To Jesus' Company, ere yet the tear  
Had fallen from her eyes upon your bier  
Who gave you first to earth and then to heaven,  
Who cradled you at birth and death  
In gentle arms.  
Ignatius first with tender, father-pride,  
And something of a mother-love beside  
(Because you were so little after all);  
Then Xavier, with his strong arms open wide,  
And those whose martyr-blood has sanctified  
The very soil where rolls the Hudson's tide,  
Jogues and his hero-band who blazed the way  
For you. Then all the rest you'd learned to know  
And love while here below.  
How in triumphal joy they led you, sweet,  
To Jesus' Feet!  
Or first did Mary twine  
Her arms about you, knowing that below  
Your mother wept, and by her hand, just so,  
Bring you up to her Son—  
With memories of Him once a Little One  
Bright in her glorious eyes?  
The rest is silence, for we hesitate,  
O, happy child, what joy, what bliss Divine,  
Flooded your eager soul with love elate  
In that fulfilment of a life-desire!



## EDUCATION

## The Catholic Educational Convention

**M**ORE than fourteen years have passed since the Catholic Educational Association was organized, and the city of Baltimore has just seen the close of the Thirteenth Annual Convention. Thirteen years is not a great span of life, yet in this brief period the Association has proved, and more than proved, its necessity and its usefulness. Much work, however, remains to be done. Although the Baltimore convention presented an array of papers which will form a valuable addition to the literature of sane pedagogy, and was attended by educators from every part of the United States, yet the careful observer can scarcely avoid the conclusion that too many Catholics, clerical as well as lay, have yet to be awakened to the value of the Association's work, and to the necessity of supporting loyally its efforts for the perfecting and progress of Catholic education.

## EXTENDING ITS USEFULNESS

This is sounding, apparently, a note of pessimism. It is in order, therefore, to assert that not a trace of pessimism or of discouragement, was visible among the delegates, many of whom came from great distances, at the expense of valuable time. They felt, no doubt, that the sacrifice would be recompensed, as it was, richly. The papers read at the various sessions ranged from subjects proper to the primary school, to topics affecting the ecclesiastical seminary and the university; the subjects were treated by men and women who spoke with the authority which is secured by years of study and experience. The attendance, too, was excellent, although, in the nature of the case, it could be only a very small proportion of the great army of Catholic men and women who are devoting their lives to the supremely important work of Catholic education. Many of the delegates, especially from the teaching communities of Brothers and Sisters, will, no doubt, present an abstract of the proceedings of the Convention to their respective communities. The "Annual Proceedings" contain the papers and addresses in full, and copies should be furnished our teachers for study and reference. Many of these papers can be readily used as the basis of interesting and highly useful discussions in the community or the local teachers' conferences, nor should their value be overlooked in the annual summer terms for the teachers.

## THE CORNERSTONE AND FOUNDATION

Our educational interests have grown wider within the last few years. Our colleges and universities have enjoyed a period of unusual prosperity; they have increased in number and efficiency, while broadening the scope of their labors. But the bulwark, humanly speaking, of the Catholic Church, and the source from which she draws the great rank and file of her devoted followers is the American parochial school. To insist upon its importance may seem trite, even unwise. We must have colleges and universities for the young men and women who are to be our intellectual leaders, and these institutions, facing as they do the enormous financial superiority of secular foundations, might seem to claim our chief care. It is imperative, moreover, that the number of our High Schools be increased, and that the diocesan and private schools already existing be strengthened by abundant financial aid and by the encouragement of a liberal patronage on the part of our Catholic people. No Catholic educator will countenance any movement, within the fold or without, which would tend to deny or unduly limit their importance. But the foundation of our educational system, the organization which must exercise the only edu-

cational influence which the bulk of the population can receive, is the parochial school. It is, therefore, first in importance.

## CATHOLIC CHILDREN IN NON-CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

It has been said that the laity are well aware of this importance; that they too, as a body, are working manfully to bring every Catholic child in the United States to his proper place in the Catholic school. In a general sense this assertion is probably true, yet figures seem to weaken it. Is there a single American city of any size in which three-fourths of our Catholic children are to be found in Catholic schools? Accurate statistics are not at hand, but it appears to be a sorrowful fact, that more than half of our children are being educated in schools in which Jesus Christ is merely the name of an historical personage.

Many reasons may be assigned for this unhappy condition. In some localities, owing to the lack of Catholic schools, it is unavoidable. In others, it is due to those weak-kneed Catholics, the shame and disgrace of the Church, who love the things of this world more than they love God or the souls of their children for whom they will be asked to give an account before the face of Christ, our Judge. But surely, no one can review, even briefly, the work of the American hierarchy and of the parochial clergy in behalf of the parochial school in this country, or consider the sacrifice made daily by so many Catholic parents, without a thrill of admiration. This zeal, coupled with the active cooperation of the laity, has borne rich fruit during the last three decades. Its promise for the future, in reclaiming those indifferent or criminally negligent parents who in these days of rampant secularism, send their children to non-Catholic and even to anti-Catholic but fashionable schools, is even greater. But the laity must do their part, if the Catholic school, the only educational force in the country which stands unswervingly for a place in the heart of every child for God, is to be crowned with complete success.

## PROBLEMS AND DIFFICULTIES

None are better acquainted with the many difficulties to be faced, and the incidental shortcomings of our schools, than the men and women who conduct them. They are fully aware of the new problems presented by our newer forms of living; they know that social conditions are changing and that our schools must prepare for an adjustment corresponding to the change. There is a great cry in modern educational centers for a completely revised curriculum, insuring the child a training which will "fit him for his place in life." To attain this laudable end, study-programs without end, and of varying degrees of excellence or lack of it, have been devised. Some of these documents ignore the basal fact that to impart information is not to educate; others, apparently, consider the mental capacity of a child to be without limit; practically all deny the place of religion in education. Catholic educators, on the contrary, while not minded to deny that education, like any science, must progress from a lower to a higher degree of perfection, and that, in particular, it must be influenced by and influence in turn, the forms of life and being which change from decade to decade, have never been able to admit that man has essentially changed and stands in need, therefore, of a new education, based upon principles essentially new.

With typical conservatism, the Catholic school has adhered, in the main, to the traditional programme. While this program is being subjected to careful and constant testing to eliminate the dross, there is no foundation whatever for the statement that "half of what we are teaching is antiquated and useless." On the contrary, there is an insistent

present need for just that training in the elementary subjects and that reasonable discipline of mind and body which are offered in our Catholic schools.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

### SOCIOLOGY

#### The Guardian Angel Settlement, St. Louis

UNLESS you have an eye for out-of-the-way corners, you are not likely to happen across Guardian Angel Settlement. In fact, many a dweller in St. Louis who flatters himself on a pretty thorough knowledge of the city of boots and bridges, lives on, blissfully unacquainted with this efficient center of Catholic social action. For its staff, like that of most Catholic institutions, boasts no publicity agent.

Yet there, in the vortex of the ever-shifting foreign quarter, this solid little square of buildings hums day and night with activity, generating a power of charity measurable only in kilowatts. And though the dweller on Hortense Place or Longfellow Boulevard may not be conscious of its existence, those who need it most, know it best, and use it most gratefully.

Hemming in the Settlement on all sides are the shabby, decrepit, down-at-the-heel cottages and flats that the land of liberty allots to the strangers who seek its hospitality. The air of the neighborhood is heavy with smoke from nearby factories and train yards, smoke that plays havoc with the throats and lungs of the transplanted child. Almost within its shadow, you can hear tongues as diverse as those of Pentecost: Polish and Lithuanian, German and French, Italian and Bohemian, Spanish and Greek. And to all the nations, the Guardian Angel Settlement stands as one of the links binding the land of their adoption with the land they left behind; for the Settlement is Catholic, it is hospitable, it has never come to laugh at nor despise the faltering tongue or strange customs of the alien.

#### HISTORY AND PURPOSE

Guardian Angel Settlement is still in its infancy; yet the building that it occupies has an historic tradition. First a parish school, it has served in turn to receive, at their entrance into St. Louis, the Christian Brothers, the Nuns of the Visitation, and the Nuns of the Good Shepherd. But in February, 1911, at the initiative of his Grace, Archbishop Glennon, the building which had been the Bethlehem of these religious communities in St. Louis, opened its doors to the poor who swarm in its vicinity. In charge were those indefatigable angels of God's afflicted in slums and hospital and orphanage and battlefield, the daughters of St. Vincent de Paul.

One of the saddest facts in our present social system, at least to my uneconomic mind, is the entrance of women into the commercial and industrial fields. It is a necessity that I freely admit, but frankly deplore. Yet the sacrifice of women to the god of commerce never seems more pitiable than when the woman is a foreigner, poor, and a mother. To the unmarried woman, business often means a pseudo-independence; to a mother it can mean nothing but the thwarting of her dearest interests. In the early morning, at the imperious summons of the factory whistle, she must kiss her still sleeping baby and drag her ill-nourished, weakened body to the mill or the garment shop. Evening has fallen before she is again with her baby; and it is no poet's fancy that her heart through the long day is often weary with anxiety for the infant at home, a prey to dangers such as only a mother's mind can conjecture.

To mothers like these, and they are many, Guardian Angel tenders its kindly offices. With the first blast of the factory

whistle, girl-mothers not yet out of their 'teens and women of maturer years deposit little bundles of helpless humanity with the warm-hearted Sisters of the Settlement. Separation from their children throughout the whole day brings a pang; but the pang is lessened by the knowledge that their little ones are cared for—whereas they might otherwise be utterly neglected—and safe from the thousand dangers to body and soul that lurk in the city.

Six hundred such children are enrolled in the Day Nursery and Kindergarten; the youngest, a baby of not quite a month, whose mother is once more at her bench in the factory; the eldest just too young for admission into school. Guardian Angel has ample provision for all. Two nurseries, one for infants of the pre-ambulatory stage, and one for babies skilled in the art of pedestrianism, open out onto large porches. They are spotlessly white and, as far as my inexperienced eye could detect, complete in every detail of infantile equipment. Immaculate cribs line the walls, like white roofless birdcages; there are high chairs and low chairs; trays of carefully tagged bottles; and bathtubs the height and size of ordinary wash-bowls.

#### PSYCHOLOGY AND LOVE

Once one has grasped the psychology of a baby, they tell me, his care is not extraordinarily difficult. If he cries, it is simply because he needs exercise which can be gotten only in that way, or because he craves food which he has no other way of demanding. But the care of youngsters from walking age to the riotous age of six is a problem calculated to tax the resources of an entertainment committee, a commissariat, a Red Cross corps, and a Society for the Propagation of the Faith. Yet a single Sister acts this quadruple rôle toward different groups of the children.

One of the Sisters we found performing all simultaneously. It was just four o'clock; tea-time without the tea. Her band of children, to the number of perhaps seventy-five, was gathered about her, singing, to the rhythm of a large swing, a hymn to the Guardian angels; office number one. As the last verse began, she slipped away and returned with a huge tray covered with slices of bread and jam; office number two. One of the children during her absence had fallen; tray notwithstanding, she lifted him up and applied the sovereign remedy for imaginary bruises; office number three. Then they said grace, and her hand guided that of a lisping youngster in his initial sign of the cross; office number four.

#### PLAYROOMS AND CLUBS

There are playrooms for the children, plenty of showers and tubs, and a well-equipped kindergarten. Professional kindergarten teachers freely give their services to the Settlement and train the youthful aliens to quickness of hand and eye. In the dining-rooms meals are furnished not only to the children who remain all day, but also to school-children whose mothers are at work and who would go dinnerless and supperless without this charity. On Saturday afternoon these school-children are gathered in a sewing class, and each child becomes the proud possessor of any garment her hand has fashioned.

In recounting the clubs attached to Guardian Angel, one naturally begins with the flourishing club for working girls. There are nearly three-hundred members, and when the last child, has been returned to its work-weary mother, Guardian Angel is turned over to them on every night in the week.

The need of amusement is a recognized social problem nowadays. Happiness is the natural craving of youth, and if denied in wholesome surroundings, will be sought where amusement fraternizes with sin. With the patronage of some of St. Louis's society ladies and under the direction of an



expert club women, the working girls' club holds lectures, literary meetings, card parties, dances, stenography classes, choral classes, sewing schools, gymnasium classes, cooking classes, and even "movies." These girls whose names smack of almost every nation in Europe, whose days in most cases are spent in wearying work in factory and shop, find at Guardian Angel the companionship and recreation which every young heart craves.

In character, the club is non-sectarian; yet few non-Catholics can escape the unobstructive influence of Catholic example such as they meet there, and several converts are numbered among its members. If Guardian Angel Settlement did nothing more than furnish innocent recreation, nobler ideals, and wholesome surroundings for these daughters of the poor, its existence would be fully justified. Still more so, as from the ranks of these girls have, within the past three years, sprung up a number of religious vocations.

#### THE OLDER CHILDREN

Each Friday evening, the Mothers' Club, which numbers over one hundred members, meets at the Settlement. These women, unacquainted with American methods and often hopelessly at sea in a strangely boisterous land, are taught the care of children, modern domestic sanitation and cooking, economic purchasing, and the thousand and one things that help to make their homes pleasanter and more easily managed. The help given is by no means merely theoretic. Groceries are furnished needy families at cost price and at no price at all often enough; while thousands of bottles of pure milk are yearly distributed for the babies of these poor families. The delicate children are cared for in the dental and medical clinic, superintended by two charitable St. Louis doctors, and those in need of protracted treatment are taken to St. Mary's Infirmary at the expense of the Settlement.

The Sunday School with its five-hundred members and its staff of forty teachers; the Ladies of Charity, a society of women who personally visit the poor in company with the Sisters and supply their needs, the circulating library and the lunchroom conducted for the factory girls of the neighborhood, cannot be given even cursory treatment. Yet their very enumeration will indicate the extent and variety of Guardian Angel Settlement charities.

Guardian Angel is a remarkable example of the cooperation of the laity with an active Sisterhood. Without the sacrifice and heroism of the Sisters, Guardian Angel would be impossible. Their self-devoting zeal is the foundation upon which the entire work rests. They have learned the Catholic art of achieving wonderful results with small resources. Yet Guardian Angel counts among its active supporters men and women of the most loyal Catholic homes in St. Louis. Together, the Sisters and their supporters have built up in four years a flourishing, efficient Catholic settlement. Who can predict the good that the future of such an institution will bring to the foreign population of St. Louis?

DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

#### NOTE AND COMMENT

At the convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, which opened in Philadelphia on June 25, R. Goodwyn Rhett, President of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, stated that our national prosperity hinged on proper relations between capital and labor. He pleaded for cooperation "wherein efficiency with due regard to humanity shall be recognized as a prime necessity and the equitable distribution of results shall be ascertained no longer by wasteful strife, but by agreement, by arbitration or by judicial decision." The time has passed when labor can be viewed as a mere commodity. If the

Ten Commandments were as popular in America as is the greed for gain, capital and labor would now be working in harmony.

The Bankers' Association of South Carolina has erected a tablet in memory of a sheriff and his deputy, who were slain last year in defending a prisoner from a mob attack. The crime was committed on the steps of a court-house. The Association denounced the act of the mob "as destructive of the interest of all law-abiding citizens, and as tending to bring the State into the contempt of our sister States." The tablet is placed in the court-house whose sanctity was violated. But the tablet says nothing of the members of the mob who were the murderers. Were any of them brought to justice?

At the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston, on June 17, the Sacrament of Confirmation was administered to 600 converts. The Boston *Globe*, speaking of the ceremony, says:

The more than 600 who received Confirmation this morning represented practically every part of the Boston diocese. From Lawrence, Salem, Malden, Lynn, Brockton, and all the other cities and from the towns of Suffolk, Essex, Middlesex, Norfolk and part of Plymouth Counties they came. Some individual parishes sent as many as twenty converts, this number coming from two or three, and this was about the largest number from an individual parish. It was quite noticeable that the more than 600 were practically all men and women, scarcely a score of children being in the number. Thus it was an adult class in the main.

It is reported that during 1915 some 1,600 converts were received into the Church in the Boston archdiocese.

In the current *Harper's*, Mr. Thomas W. Lamont, of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., shows that many financial theories about war have turned out to be illusions, for example, the belief that the great international bankers could prevent war, that the cost of war was bound to be so great as to enforce an early peace, and that international trade was so firmly built that nothing could wreck it. The total daily expenditures of the belligerents Mr. Lamont estimates to be over \$100,000,000, made up as follows: Great Britain, \$25,000,000; Germany, \$22,000,000; France, \$15,500,000; Russia, \$16,000,000; Austria, \$12,000,000; Italy, \$8,000,000; Turkey, \$1,500,000; Servia, \$1,500,000; Belgium, \$1,500,000. Total, \$103,000,000. The writer discusses the probability of America becoming the financial center of the world, for the large foreign loans taken by American investors indicate our financial ascendancy. These amount to about \$1,058,500,000.

There were 80,000 cases of cancer in the United States during the past year. Up to the present the causes of the disease have baffled investigation, and its mortality is on the increase. An eminent physician of the New York Skin and Cancer Hospital insisted, in a recent address before the State Medical Society, that diet had not been sufficiently tried in cancer cases.

Laboratory and other studies have decided pretty certainly that cancer is not due to a parasite, nor contagious, that it is not hereditary, nor due wholly to local irritant action, that it is not altogether a disease of old age, nor belonging to any particular occupation, and that it does not affect any particular sex, race or class of persons, and that it occurs all over the earth, but with striking difference in frequency according to certain peculiarities of life associated with advancing civilization.

As prophylactic measures against cancer, Dr. Bulkley advises healthy habits of life, reasonable exercise, avoidance of excesses, especially in meat, tea, coffee and alcohol, which he excludes entirely. Any swelling which is not acute or in-

inflammatory should be shown at once to the doctor, for cancer can be cured if attended to in time.

Advertising to stimulate church attendance was the subject of a special conference held in connection with the Convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, in Philadelphia, during the last week of June. Among the subjects discussed were: "The First Successful Church Advertiser," "Publicity for the Smaller Town Church," "Putting a Downtown Church on the Map," "Securing Money for Church Publicity," "Sensationalism vs. Sanity," "Delivering the Goods Advertised," "A City-Wide Campaign," "Publicity Aiding the Preacher's Message," and "What Newspapers Want." The Board of Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church recently appointed a committee on church publicity. Lutheran, Unitarian and Christian Science Churches have also organized publicity bureaus. Yet the natives of "benighted" South America, and other Catholic countries, are objects of concern to many of these Churches that have to resort to advertising in order to fill their pews here in the United States.

The Rochester *Post Express* furnishes these interesting figures from recent shipping reports:

The Ward liner Monterey, on April 1, landed 1,350,000 rounds of ammunition at Vera Cruz for the Carranza government, all soft nosed or dum dum bullets. On May 13 a similar cargo to the same consignee was landed at Vera Cruz by the Esperanza; this was a month after the attempt to ambush the American expeditionary troops under Major Tompkins at Parral. For the past three months ammunition has been going over the border in quantities, as have war supplies. All of this material has prepared Carranza to meet the American soldiers whom it seems President Wilson must send against him to secure our self respect. What about the waiting? Has it been watchful? Has it been wisely managed?

These questions were answered diversely by the Chicago and St. Louis Conventions.

In a recent issue of the *Survey*, there is a statement by the "Committee on Financial Federation of the American Association of Societies for Organizing Charities." According to the Committee there are financial federations in eleven cities in the United States, four cities having abandoned federation once begun. The effect of federations on the standards of work done, and on the formation of new social agencies are topics discussed as follows by the Committee:

Allied to these questions is another raised by the fact that in several of the financial federations, commercial organizations name a certain number of the federation's directors. Is this close alliance of a community's social work with its organized business interests a source of strength or of weakness? If, as some fear, commercial representation may come to mean commercial control to any extent, the danger to social work is plain, for social work must, of course, always be free to take issue with organized business interests, if that proves necessary. The question then arises: Can financial federations be successfully organized without direct commercial representation on their directorates? Several have so organized, and their development is being carefully studied.

The discussion reduces itself to one question. Is a Charity "Trust" feasible?

Marfa *Town Talk*, a Texas newspaper, commends the new pastor of the Marfa Methodist church, as a "common sense" parson because in the course of a sermon on "Every Man His Own God," the minister stated:

Religion is personal with each individual. The sun shines down upon all of us; yet there are a few rays which fall

for my especial benefit. They strike my eyes alone and make me see in an individual way the objects around me. Thus it is with God. Each man has his own conception of God, his *private* God, to be worshipped by him in his own way.

The Texas paper remarks: "We commend Rev. Morgan for holding such a sensible view and we feel that he will be the man who can reach the great body of 'outsiders,' who have always held aloof from denominational worship because of narrowness of opinion." The Texas minister is broad enough to reach even heathens by the simple process of becoming a heathen.

American exports for May reached a total of \$472,000,000. This exceeds all previous monthly records and is greater by \$81,000,000 than the March record. The total exports for the year ending with May were \$4,136,000,000, an increase of \$500,000,000 over the preceding twelve months. The Government report states:

May imports were also the greatest on record, the total value being \$229,000,000, an increase of \$11,000,000 over April, the previous high mark. For the year imports totaled \$2,110,000,000, an increase of \$436,000,000 over the preceding year. The favorable balance of trade in the month and twelve months ended with May are the largest ever known. For May it was \$243,000,000 and for the year ended with May, \$2,028,000,000. The corresponding figures for last year were \$132,000,000 for May and \$983,000,000 for the twelve months. The favorable trade balance for the past twenty-three months is \$3,120,000,000.

The report does not give the figures on war supplies in the export column.

The Toronto *Catholic Register* quotes in part the speech of the late James J. Hill, delivered at the opening of St. Paul's Seminary in 1895:

Some of you may wonder why, I, who am not a member of your Church, should have undertaken the building and endowment of a Catholic theological seminary, and you will pardon me if I tell you plainly why. For nearly thirty years I have lived in a Catholic household, and daily have had before me and around me the earnest devotion, watchful care and Christian example of a Catholic wife, of whom it may be said, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," and on whose behalf tonight I desire to present and turn over to the illustrious Archbishop of this diocese this seminary and its endowments as provided in the deeds and articles of trust covering the same. Almost all denominations have in their various flocks those who are able to help their church work in every material way; but the Catholic Church, with its large number of working men and women, coming from almost every nation and clime, have little else than their faith in God and the aid of those earnest, pious and devoted men who have been placed in charge of their spiritual welfare. They have to provide places of worship, and while the State provides schools for all, their consciences call upon them to see that the education of their children goes hand in hand with their spiritual training, thus making for them an additional burden. Having seen the efforts of Archbishop Ireland in behalf of the Church of which he is so distinguished a prelate, to spread throughout this country the light of religious truth and to show to all men that there is no conflict between scientific or physical truth and Divine Revelation, I felt called upon to devote a portion of this world's goods with which I have been blessed to the work of educating for the priesthood men who will be able to preach down the spirit of unbelief, and to stand as shining lights along the pathway that leads to heaven. May the work which has been commenced here and which has today received the blessing of your Church, continue to send out men who will bear witness to all the world that no nation or people can long prosper, or even continue, without the aid and direction of living and active Christianity.

No Catholic ever stated the position of the Church in America more clearly. It is not surprising that a soul so Catholic should receive the gift of faith before the end.